

THE CLUBMAN.

The Government's appointment of Lord Roberts as Commander-in-Chief in South Africa, with Lord Kitchener as Chief of Staff, and the decision to send 50,000 more troops to the Seat of War, tended to remove the gloom brought about in Clubland by the three severe checks of last week.

Times such as these that we are passing through bind strongly the bonds that in the piping times of peace grow slack, and knit together the men of the same blood. "Duke's son, cook's son, son of a belted earl," we are all of us turning our eyes towards South Africa to-day and wishing our fine fellows there the victories which must precede the Pax Britannica, the peace and goodwill that thrive under the folds of the Union Jack.

The Clubs have done their duty. The British gentleman has never been slow to exchange the arm chair for the saddle. From all quarters of the globe, Regulars or Volunteers, they have flocked to the standard raised in South Africa. From the great marble palace, where Thackeray once lived, on the border of the Calcutta maidan; from the long thatched house that stands amidst the rose-bushes of Peshawar; from the Clubhouse where the punkahs never cease swinging on the bank of the Irrawaddy; from the pillared building in the Queen's Road, Hong-Kong, where the brokers stand and chat in the hall; from Adelaide and Melbourne and Ottawa; from Albany and Brisbane, Auckland and Sydney, from Montreal and Quebec, the Clubmen have gone forth for the honour of the Empire, for the undoing of a great wrong, for the loyalty every man of our Empire feels to our Queen-Empress. And London and the United Kingdom have done their part nobly too. The Clubs most affected by the young men have sent their full contingents to the war. 'The Bachelors' has a hundred and twenty members at the front, Pratt's is almost deserted, and in the bow-window of the Guards' Club there is rarely to be seen anyone except the officer on duty. There is not a Club in the great provincial towns or the county boroughs that has not members at the front, and I feel that I give tongue only to the thoughts of all the world of the Clubs when I wish our brave fellows in South Africa, from General to drummer-boy, a cheerful Christmas, and may we see them home again soon safe and victorious!

Generals Hector Macdonald and Tucker, who are going from India to the Cape to take up commands, have both seen fighting in South Africa. Macdonald was at Majuba, and Tucker was the idol of his regiment, the 80th, at the time of the Zulu War. "Old Mac" became a household word after Omdurman, where he so coolly changed front with his brigade to meet the successive onslaughts of the Khalifa's men; but he had seen plenty of stern fighting before that battle. He first attracted Lord Roberts' attention by the magnificent way in which he handled a small body of the 92nd in a fight in the Hazardarakht Defile, and another splendid bit of work at Charasia gained him his commission. There is one instance of his absolute coolness in action and the splendid state of efficiency to which he brought his Egyptian brigade which has not, so far as I know, been put in print. During one of the Soudanese battles, Hector Macdonald, advancing with his brigade, found that the enemy were before him in a depression to the edge of which he had almost come. He had to wait for the flanking troops to come up, and, during the few minutes that elapsed before he could deliver his charge, he "dressed" his battalions on their markers, the men behaving as coolly as if they were on parade.

The men of the 80th, a regiment of old soldiers twenty years ago, had wonderful tales to tell of the physical strength of their second in command—for General Tucker held a Major's commission then—of his supreme disregard of danger, and of the strange figures of speech and metaphors he would use on occasion when addressing his men.

Both General Wauchope and Lord Winchester had presentiments that they would not return from the present campaign. Both were men who served for the love of their profession, and allowed no pleasures to come between them and their duty. General Wauchope when he contested Midlothian had a very clear understanding with the electors that, should he be returned, he would consider that his Parliamentary duties came second to his military ones, and that, if war broke out, he should go to the front. Lord Winchester—"Wilty" was his nickname, an abbreviation of his former title—had the fighting blood of the Paulets in him, and, though he was a keen sportsman and had turned his beautiful estate in Hampshire into a paradise for good shots and keen fishermen, sport with him was a secondary consideration. He was a worthy scion of that fine old Pawlet who held Basing House so stoutly.

Of General Gatacre, it is said that he does not know what it is to be tired. The first deed that gained him a name for marvellous endurance was in no way connected with his military duties. He held an appointment at the time in one of the big military departments at Simla, and was a hard-worked man. There was some little act of courtesy he had been asked to perform for a lady leaving Ambala by a midnight train. The distance is well over a hundred miles, and the road was mostly over Himalayan paths. He was not willing to shirk his day's work in his department, so he had telegraphed to have relays of horses waiting along the road. Five minutes after he had disposed of his last "file" for the day, he was in the saddle, galloping at breakneck pace down the hill-road. He was at Ambala before midnight, did whatever he had been asked to do, and, before the train was out of the station, made the dust curl up as he galloped over the flat road that leads back from Ambala to Kalka—there was no branch railway then. The clerks in the office wondered next day why Colonel Gatacre was late; but when he took his place at his desk at mid-day he showed no signs of having done a record-breaking ride.

THE WAR—WEEK BY WEEK.

At the time of writing, the latest news is good news, for it is to the effect that the country has at length become fully awakened to a sense of its responsibilities in South Africa. The National Defence Committee convened a special meeting on Saturday last, when it was decided to increase our resources at the Cape by another 50,000 men, and to place the supreme command of the British troops in South Africa in the hands of Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, V.C. With him, as his Chief of Staff, is to be Lord Kitchener. As a result of these wise measures, our present strength in the field will be almost doubled.

The news from the Seat of War that reached London early last Saturday morning made grim reading, coming as it did immediately after that of the two reverses sustained by Generals Methuen and Gatacre in the same week. Dark, however, as was the cloud, it was not altogether devoid of the customary silver lining, for the same despatch in which Buller recounted the story of his unsuccessful attack upon the enemy



FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS, V.C.,
THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

at the Tugela River also bore eloquent witness to the indomitable spirit which animates the British soldier in victory and defeat alike. Thus "the conduct of the troops was excellent," it is here remarked, and frequent references are also made in the same cablegram to the gallant manner in which our artillerymen tried to save their guns. This, at any rate, is cause for self-congratulation.

In briefly setting forth the main incidents of the unfortunate repulse that befell our arms on this occasion, one can scarcely do better than summarise the official account thereof. From this it appears that, early on the morning of the 15th inst. Sir Redvers had advanced from Chieveley Camp upon the enemy, towards the Tugela River. This, being between himself and Ladysmith—the relief of which beleaguered position he was pledged to perform—had to be crossed. That the intervening ground was occupied by the Boers in strength mattered little; it was merely an ordinary incident of warfare. White wanted help, and England expected Buller to render it.

At 4 a.m. accordingly—before the sun had risen sufficiently to properly reveal the road—the column left camp, and advanced upon the river before them. Here, two fords—distant about two miles from one another—existed. These were both known to Buller, whose intention it was, consequently, to force a passage through one of them. With this object in view, he divided his troops into three brigades.

These were respectively commanded by General Hildyard (on the right), General Hart (on the left), and General Lyttelton (in the centre). While the two former officers were to deliver a simultaneous attack, the Commander of the third brigade was to render support as necessity should occasion. So far, so good; the theory of the scheme was excellent; its practice, however, failed lamentably.

For some unexplained reason or other, Hildyard's brigade was not brought into action until General Hart's troops had been ordered to retire, owing to their inability to cross the Tugela by the western ford. The danger of the delay immediately became apparent, for it enabled the enemy to concentrate their energies upon the attack of a much smaller force than it had been Buller's original intention to employ.

At the moment of General Hildyard's belated advance, a terrible blunder seems to have been committed by the officer in command of our Field Artillery. According to the official despatch, it appears that this officer (Colonel Long, R.A.) had, in his zeal to approach within effective range of the enemy, advanced too close to the river-bank. As this, however, swarmed with the enemy, the batteries were instantly exposed to a most galling fire at short range. So fierce was the hail of bullets now poured upon them that all the horses were instantly killed, and the drivers were consequently compelled to stand to the guns. Although the most desperate efforts were made to rescue the batteries from their perilous position, the Boer fire was so murderous in its nature that ten guns had to be abandoned on the field. Through the heroism of Captain Schofield, R.A., and some gallant drivers who followed him, two field-pieces, however, were saved.

As, without the necessary support of artillery, further attempts to force the passage of the river would only have resulted in a useless



LADY SARAH WILSON,

Aunt of Mr. Winston Churchill, and herself a Correspondent for the "Daily Mail" at Mafeking. The brave lady was captured by the Boers, but has now been exchanged. This photo is by Russell, Baker Street, W.



LIEUT.-COLONEL GEORGE THOMAS FREDERICK DOWNMAN,

The gallant officer who fell at Magersfontein whilst in command of the 1st Gordon Highlanders (the "Dargai Heroes"). This photo is by Horsburgh, Edinburgh.

2nd Lieut. S. A. Innes (wounded). 2nd Lieut. W. P. Nunneley. 2nd Lieut. A. S. Grant. Lieut. N. N. Ramsay (killed). 2nd Lieut. Hon. M. C. Drummond (wounded). Capt. C. Eykyn.



Major P. J. C. Livingston. Capt. E. G. Elton (killed). Major A. G. Duff (wounded). Lieut.-Col. J. H. C. Coode (killed). Capt. Hon. J. F. T. Cumming-Bruce (killed). Lieut. H. C. W. Berthon (wounded). 2nd Lieut. Hon. C. M. Hore-Ruthven. Lieut. A. G. Wauchope (wounded).

OFFICERS OF THE "BLACK WATCH," THE GALLANT CORPS THAT TOOK PART IN THE BATTLE OF MAGERSFONTEIN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ARGENT ARCHER, HIGH STREET, KENSINGTON.

sacrifice of the lives of brave men, Sir Redvers Buller was now compelled to order the general retirement of all the troops engaged. This was gradually effected, and when Chieveley Camp was reached it was found that our casualty-list amounted to 82 officers and men killed, 667 wounded, and 348 "missing." Altogether, the total of losses sustained by us on this unfortunate day was one of 1097.

Serious as this repulse undoubtedly was, its effects have been considerably overestimated. As a matter of fact, these are not really of any great importance from a strictly military point of view. Thus, although we have lost a number of brave soldiers, and ten of our field-guns have fallen into the hands of the enemy, our position for advance still remains intact. Our resources, too, are by no means yet exhausted. More men and more guns can be sent out, and England will assuredly send them, for (and in the words of Lord Rosebery) "there is one thing certain—we mean to see this thing through."

Altogether, the misfortunes of war were most prominent last week. Following close upon the heels of General Gatacre's reverse at Stormberg on the 10th inst., came a serious check to Lord Methuen's Kimberley relief column. This, which occurred at Magersfontein on the following day, was of an exceedingly grave nature, as it resulted in a casualty-list of 942 killed, wounded, and missing. The largest proportion of these losses was sustained by the regiments of the Highland Brigade engaged in the action, which, true to their splendid traditions, bore the brunt of the morning's fighting. In all, more than seven hundred of them fell upon that hard-fought field in the service of their Queen and Country. To the sorrowing relatives of the fallen brave *The Sketch* offers its respectful sympathy.

As on previous occasions, the commissioned ranks suffered with especial severity, twenty-one of them being killed and forty-five wounded, while a further three are reported "missing." Among the honoured dead were General Wauchope (of whom a memoir is given on another page), Major the Marquis of Winchester (who commanded the 2nd Coldstream Guards), and Lieut.-Colonels Coode and Goff (of the 2nd Black Watch and 1st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders respectively), while among the wounded were Lieut.-Colonels Codrington (Coldstream Guards) and Kelham (Highland Light Infantry). It is only natural, therefore, to find the War-Correspondents writing in a tribute of praise to their valour. "The gallant conduct of the officers [writes one of them] was beyond all praise; they led their men as coolly and calmly as though on parade."

Lieut.-Colonel T. F. Downman, of the 1st Battalion the Gordon Highlanders, who was reported "dangerously wounded" in this battle, has since died. He only lately obtained the command of his battalion, in succession to Colonel Mathias, of Dargai renown. At the time of his death he had twenty-three years' service and had already been through five distinct campaigns. Lieut.-Colonel J. H. C. Coode joined the Black Watch in 1875. Previous to taking part in the campaign where he met his death, he had seen no active service. Lieut.-Colonel G. L. J. Goff, who fell at the head of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, took part in the Zulu War of 1879. He obtained the command of his battalion about eighteen months ago. Major the Marquis of Winchester joined the Coldstream Guards in 1879. He was the only officer of his battalion killed in the Battle of Magersfontein. In the Soudan Expedition of 1885 he served as Aide-de-Camp to Sir John McNeill. His promotion to Major was dated April 1897.

Briefly told, the main incidents of the memorable battle of Magersfontein were these:—On the night of the 10th inst., Lord Methuen advanced with about one-half of his available troops (composed principally of the Guards and Highland Brigades) from his camp at Modder River to attack the eastern spur of the Boer position at Magersfontein. At daybreak on the following morning the column came suddenly upon an unsuspected intrenchment. The heavy fire that was instantly poured upon them from this temporarily checked the advancing troops. Hastily re-forming under cover, however, the Highlanders (who were in the van) went gallantly forward with the intention of carrying the hill by assault. The wire entanglements with which the enemy had further protected their trenches unfortunately prevented our men from getting near enough to use the bayonet. They were compelled, consequently, to attempt to dislodge the Boers by rifle-fire alone. Although they failed in this (owing to their being outnumbered by at least three to one), "they did all [declares a message from the battle-field] that the bravest troops in the world could do."

While the unsuccessful infantry assault was being delivered, three field-batteries and one battery of Royal Horse Artillery were doing splendid work by raking the different kopjes with lyddite. Despite the galling fusillade to which they were continually exposed, the guns were served as calmly as if nothing more serious than Salisbury Plain manœuvres were in progress. The accuracy of their fire, too, was marvellous, and shell after shell was sent, with admirable precision, into the Boer trenches. As a result, the effectiveness of the enemy's fire was materially reduced, and very heavy losses inflicted upon them. On the following morning, the trenches being still strongly occupied by the enemy, Lord Methuen's force (which had bivouacked on the ground) retired in perfect order upon Modder River Camp.

The position at Mafeking seems to be growing rather serious, owing to the non-arrival there of the expected relief-force from the North. A message that was received from this quarter last week reported that Lady Sarah Wilson (who had gone out there to join her husband) had had the misfortune to become a prisoner-of-war. The latest news, however, states that she has since been restored to freedom, through an exchange having been effected. *The Sketch* sympathises most deeply with Lord Roberts in the loss of his brave son on the Tugela.

"MISS HOBBS."

Londoners will naturally welcome a play by such a popular favourite as Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, who, though perhaps for a little while he has remained sulking, Achilles like, in his tent, has been one of the great laughter-workers of the age. Mr. Charles Frohman, true to what now seems a definite policy, produced Mr. Jerome's new piece, "Miss Hobbs," in the States before presenting it on Monday at the Duke of York's Theatre. In face of the present *entente cordiale* between ourselves and the Stars and Stripes, I durst not talk of "trying it on the dog." "Miss Hobbs" is a four-act comedy which shows what may be called "The Taming of the Shrew" up to date. Miss Hobbs herself certainly is a Katharine, and Mr. Woolf Kingsearle a modern and rather mild Petruchio. When the man learns that the maid, despite her youth, is an old maid to an intense degree, and a ferocious supporter of an anti-man movement, he makes a bet that he will kiss her within a month—perhaps I should say that he actually sees that she is a pretty girl before the bet is booked. The fates favour him. First, he has an opportunity of playing a double game on her, when, mistaking his name, she tries to use him as a means of convincing a poor little married woman that her husband is faithless to her. His greatest chance, however, occurs when she rashly ventures upon his yacht. With the aid of lies enough to support a modern prospectus, Kingsearle humiliates the girl and breaks her in. At his will and against her wish, she cooks chops and grinds coffee for him, only to find of a sudden that he has been fooling her. Of course—according to the laws of the theatre—this causes the young lady to fall in love with her tormentor, and, in the end, to become his dutiful, humble, and affectionate spouse. Even from so brief a sketch, it is not altogether difficult to see that the author finds in his piece plenty of scope for his immensely popular humours, wherefore the piece has excited abundance of hearty laughter. For the performance, Mr. Frohman has engaged such popular artists as Miss Millard, Mr. Herbert Waring, Miss Agnes Miller, and Miss Susie Vaughan, and it is hardly necessary to say that in such capable hands the humours of the work, to say nothing of its semi-pathetic touches in some scenes, appeal heartily to our British playgoers as well as the American. Mr. Herbert Waring played his part in a somewhat formidably serious manner. A light-comedy touch, such as that of Mr. Hawtrey, is really demanded. The other members of the company, even if none of them did work of remarkable value, played soundly.

ABOUT ATHLETICS.

BY W. YARDLEY.

The anticipations of the "cognoscenti" in such matters as to the result of the Rugby Football Match between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge on Wednesday last, at Queen's Club, West Kensington, were fully borne out, Cambridge defeating Oxford pointlessly by 2 goals and 4 tries.

Curiously enough, at half-time the score stood at 1 goal and 2 tries in favour of Cambridge, who in the second half added precisely a similar amount to the total. The issue never was in doubt for an instant, nor is the result surprising when, in the opinion of those who know, the Cambridge team is the best that has been turned out by either University since the memorable Oxford fifteen of 1883.

Oxford were fully resigned to their fate beforehand, for nothing short of a miracle could have given them victory against a team with such a record for the season as that of Cambridge, namely, 168 points to the good without a single defeat.

The great strength of the Cambridge team lay in their forwards, which was accentuated by the fact that the condition of the ground on Wednesday pointed to a forward game, entirely discounting any forlorn chance Oxford might have had of snatching a victory by means of their three-quarters. In fact, in the first half the Cambridge pack was all over the Dark Blues, and, with the exception of a few spasmodic kicks which gave occasional temporary relief, the Oxonians were penned entirely in their "twenty-five."

At the commencement of play in the second half, the game assumed its most interesting aspect, as Oxford made a most gallant and determined effort, and for a time fully held their own. When once their bolt was shot, however, the Cambridge three-quarters adopted a more open game, and by excellent combination and accurate passing simply overwhelmed their adversaries, with the aforementioned result.

Most conspicuous amongst the Cantabs were Sagar at back and Cock at three-quarter, but the entire team played practically faultlessly. Of the Oxonians, Crabbe and Strand Jones showed up about best. None of the Oxford three-quarters were fed well by the halves, who, it must be remembered, were playing behind a beaten pack. It is fairer perhaps not to mention individually any forwards, as it is notoriously difficult to gauge accurately individual work; but it is difficult to conceive better all-round work than that done by the Cambridge forwards, while the Oxonians made a gallant but absolutely hopeless struggle against superior class. There was a fine attendance, the number of paying spectators being close upon four thousand. The tally of matches now stands at ten victories for each University and seven draws.

Mr. Zangwill bore the sudden withdrawal of "Children of the Ghetto" from the Adelphi with exemplary resignation. "Small profits and quick returns," he drily remarked, according to the *Referee*.



MISS WINIFRED EMERY AS ROSA IN "THE BLACK TULIP," AT THE HAYMARKET.

TRULY A DELIGHTFUL PART DELIGHTFULLY PLAYED!

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MENDELSSOHN, PEMBRIDGE CRESCENT, W.

MRS. ISABELLA BIRD BISHOP IN CHINA.

It seems at present undesirable, though it may at some future day become inevitable, that the vast empire ruled from Peking should be broken up into regions under foreign control styled "spheres of influence," about which the different European Powers, and with them also Japan and America, might possibly quarrel. Better, in the meantime, is the policy of "the open door," with as much freedom of commercial access for all nations as pacific persuasion can obtain. Lord Salisbury's Government has the merit of having preferred this wiser course; and the dedication to his Lordship of Mrs. Bishop's new book, "The Yangtze Valley and Beyond," a goodly volume published by Mr. Murray, is fully deserved by substantial services to British trade. That lady, formerly Miss Isabella Bird, is perhaps the most renowned of modern English and Scottish female travellers and authors who have, by the aid of greatly improved steamboat conveyance, better hotels, and better police, in these days far surpassed the feats of Madame Ida Pfeiffer half-a-century ago. One who, in this sense, is a great woman of the world, knowing how to make her way and manage people of all races and classes, on the principles of frank fair-dealing, good-humour, friendliness, and common sense, may indeed get along more readily than a man. Her arrival, as a solitary stranger, among the wildest tribes of Central Africa would excite less distrust and hostility than that of one or another of the famous heroes of geographical exploration in the regions of the Congo and of the Equatorial Lakes. Such performances require both personal courage and social tact, in which, one may believe, women are naturally quite equal to men; and they do not depend upon skill in rifle-shooting, which Livingstone never practised. Mrs. Bishop was, now and then, rudely insulted by stupid Chinese town rabble, who pretended that she came to eat the children, but they did her no serious harm. The extent of her inland journeys, including long voyages up and down the great river, and a wide circuit to the north-west of it, in the rich, populous, and beautiful province of Szechuan, was about four thousand miles, taking Shanghai for the starting-point. As far as Ichang and the Wushan Gorges, above that city, over a thousand miles from Shanghai, her descriptions have been anticipated by other writers, and almost every remarkable scene, up to that point, has repeatedly been delineated by special artists or others in London illustrated papers. It is in the interior of Szechuan, in the circuit of five or six hundred miles touching Paoning-fu, an attractive place and promising Church Missionary station, Cheng-tu-fu, which is a very fine and thriving city, the mountain roads around Le-fan-ting, on the way towards Tibet, with their sublime and romantic scenery, and thence again descending, through the valleys inhabited by the interesting Man-tze people, to the large towns of Chialing-fu, on the Min, Sui-fu, Lu-chow, and on to the Upper Yangtze-kiang treaty-port of Chung-king, that she has gathered abundance of fresh local knowledge. The value of her work, its statistical information being precise and got from the best local authorities, is likely to be appreciated by readers who have any practical views in the direction of Western China. All readers will find it a pleasant, agreeable, wholesome narrative of rare experiences and opportunities of direct observation, with judicious reflections and opinions about China.

MARRIAGE.

MAIDLOW—LUGARD.—At All Saints' Church, Nagpore, C.P., on Nov. 16, 1899, by the Rev. C. H. Barlow, JOHN SOUTHERN MAIDLOW, R.A., to AMY CAROLINE AYLMEY, youngest daughter of Colonel H. I. Lugard, M.S.C.

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SEASIDE FOR WEEK-END.—FRIDAY, SATURDAY, AND SUNDAY, DEC. 22, 23, and 24, from London and Suburban Stations.—Tickets available up to Wednesday evening.
For full particulars see Bills, or apply to the Superintendent of the Line, London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, London Bridge Terminus.

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CHEAP TICKETS to TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, CANTERBURY, SANDWICH, DEAL, WALMER, RAMSGATE, MARGATE, HYTHE, SANDGATE, SHORNCLIFFE, FOLKESTONE, DOVER, WHITSTABLE, NEW ROMNEY, MAIDSTONE, STROOD, CHATHAM, NEW BROMPTON, SITTINGBOURNE, SHEERNESS, FAVERSHAM, HERNE BAY, WESTGATE, and BIRCHINGTON will be issued from LONDON on Dec. 22, 23, and 24, available for the Return Journey up to and including Wednesday, Dec. 27.

CHRISTMAS AT PARIS, BRUSSELS, or the RIVIERA.—Special Cheap Tickets will be issued from certain London Stations to the above places. For Fares and particulars see Bills.

SATURDAY, DEC. 23.—A FAST LATE TRAIN to CHISLEHURST, SEVENOAKS, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, ASHFORD, CANTERBURY, RAMSGATE, MARGATE, FOLKESTONE, and DOVER, leaving CHARING CROSS at 12 midnight, WATERLOO 12.2 a.m., CANNON STREET 12.5 a.m., LONDON BRIDGE 12.12 a.m., and NEW CROSS at 12.20 a.m. A FAST LATE TRAIN to CHATHAM, SITTINGBOURNE, FAVERSHAM, WHITSTABLE, HERNE BAY, BIRCHINGTON, WESTGATE, MARGATE, BROADSTAIRS, RAMSGATE, CANTERBURY, WALMER, DEAL, and DOVER, leaving VICTORIA 12 midnight and HOLBORN 11.55 p.m.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—Several Extra Trains will run, but the Ordinary Services will be as on Sundays.

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For further particulars as to Times of Trains, Alterations in Train Services, &c., see Bills and Holiday Programme. ALFRED WILLIS, General Manager.

GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS.
From LONDON (Marylebone, near Baker Street and Edgware Road).

On FRIDAYS, DEC. 22 and 29 (for 5, 8 and 16 days).
To Northallerton, Darlington, Newcastle, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow, &c., at 7.45 a.m.

On FRIDAY, DEC. 22 (for 16 days).
To IRELAND (via Liverpool). See pamphlet.

On SATURDAY (midnight), DEC. 23 (for 3 and 5 days).
On FRIDAY (midnight), DEC. 29 (for 3, 4, and 5 days).
To Rugby, Lutterworth, Leicester, Loughborough, Nottingham, Sheffield, Liverpool, Manchester, &c., at 12.15 a.m.
The above Trains will also call at Harrow-on-the-Hill.

On SATURDAYS, 23rd (for 4 or 6 days) and 30th DEC. (for 4 or 5 days).
To Fimere, Brackley, Rugby, Lutterworth, Leicester, Loughborough, Nottingham, Chesterfield, Sheffield, Cleethorpes, Hull, Goole, Grimsby, Gainsborough, Retford, Barnsley, Penistone, Huddersfield, Macclesfield, Staleybridge, Oldham, Guide Bridge, Manchester, Stockport, Warrington, Liverpool, Wigan, Knutsford, Northwich, Southport, Bridlington, Filey, Middlesbrough, Newcastle, Scarborough, South Shields, West Hartlepool, York, &c. See pamphlet.
For full particulars, see printed pamphlet, which can be obtained at any of the Company's Receiving Offices, or Marylebone Station, and from Messrs. Dean and Dawson, 65, Charing Cross, Trafalgar Square, London. WILLIAM POLLITT, General Manager.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS.

ON DECEMBER 18 to 25 inclusive, CHEAP THIRD-CLASS RETURN TICKETS, available on Dec. 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, or 25, and for return Dec. 26 to 30 inclusive, will be issued from PADDINGTON, Clapham Junction, Victoria (L.C. and D. Rly.), Kensington (Addison Road), Hammersmith, &c., to Bath, BRISTOL, Tunton, Barnstaple, ILFRACOMBE, EXETER, TORQUAY, PLYMOUTH, Falmouth, PENZANCE, Yeovil, Dorchester, WEYMOUTH, &c. On Dec. 21 and 23, to GUERNSEY and JERSEY (fare 24s. 6d.), to return within 14 days.

ADDITIONAL TRAINS will leave PADDINGTON STATION as under—
DEC. 22 and 23.—7.5 p.m., for BATH, BRISTOL, EXETER, PLYMOUTH, &c.
SATURDAY, DEC. 23.—7.5 p.m., for Bath, BRISTOL, EXETER, PLYMOUTH, TRURO, &c. 1.0 night, for Reading, SWINDON, Bath, BRISTOL, Taunton, EXETER, GLOUCESTER, Cheltenham, Newport, CARDIFF, Swansea, &c.

DEC. 24 and 25.—5.30 a.m., as on WEEK-DAYS, as far as EXETER and SWANSEA, with connections to Trowbridge, Frome, YEovil, Bridport, Dorchester, WEYMOUTH, &c. 5.35 a.m., to OXFORD, Banbury, Leamington, BIRMINGHAM, Wolverhampton, Worcester, Malvern, Kidderminster, &c.

EXCURSIONS will leave PADDINGTON STATION as under—
A FORTNIGHT IN IRELAND.—THURSDAY, DEC. 21. To CORK and KILLARNEY.
FRIDAY, DEC. 22.—To WATERFORD, Clonmel, LIMERICK, Tralee, Kilkenny, KILLARNEY, BELFAST, Armagh, GIANTS' CAUSEWAY, &c.

DEC. 22 and 23, NIGHT.—To EXETER, Dawlish, Teignmouth, PLYMOUTH, Devonport, Bodmin, Wadebridge, Newquay, TRURO, Falmouth, St. Ives, PENZANCE, &c., to return DEC. 26 or 27.

SATURDAY, DEC. 23, NIGHT.—To Chipping Norton, Evesham, WORCESTER, Malvern, Hereford, &c., for 3 days; to OXFORD, Banbury, Leamington, Warwick, BIRMINGHAM, WOLVERHAMPTON, Shrewsbury, CHESTER, Birkenhead, LIVERPOOL, &c., for 3 or 5 days; to BATH and BRISTOL for 3 or 4 days; to SWINDON, Cirencester, Stroud, Stonehouse, GLOUCESTER, CHELTENHAM, Newport, CARDIFF, Swansea, Llanelly, Llandovery, Carmarthen, Newcastle Emlyn, Cardigan, Tenby, NEW MILFORD &c., for 3 days.

For times of trains, fares, and full particulars of alterations in ordinary train-arrangements, see pamphlets and bills, which can be obtained at the Company's Stations and usual Receiving Offices. J. L. WILKINSON, General Manager.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

Her Majesty's heart-felt sympathy with her devoted troops in South Africa—keenly felt, be sure, this Christmastide at Osborne—was touchingly exemplified in the beautiful drawing by Mr. Begg in last Saturday's *Illustrated London News*, showing the Queen at the Charity performance in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The Queen has always preferred to spend Christmas Day at Osborne, the more so that the Royal Family have no sad associations with Her Majesty's beautiful island home, with the one exception that it was there that the Sovereign was first informed of the illness and death of Prince Henry of Battenberg. Apart from this melancholy memory, Osborne stands alone among the various Royal residences as being peculiarly "lucky." In the Royal household this Christmas are to be included the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their three children, the Duchess of Albany, and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha—who will be, if his friends are to be believed, only too pleased to see his native country again—Princess Alice of Albany, and the Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne, who, though the only childless couple in the Queen's immediate family circle, are great favourites with all the younger Princes and Princesses, the more so that they are both extremely kind to young people and delight in being with them.

Although nowhere is Christmas kept in the grand old style better than at Osborne House, it is a curious fact that the Queen's baron of beef, which always weighs from two to three hundred pounds, has to be cooked at Windsor Castle, the only British Royal residence which contains what may be called cooking accommodation for such a glorious joint. On each Christmas Eve, the baron of beef, cooked to a turn, is forwarded to Osborne, and it makes its first appearance on the Queen's sideboard on Christmas Day, flanked with that time-honoured delicacy, a woodcock-pie (of which it is said the recipe has come down from George the First's Hanoverian butler), a truffled boar's head, which is always one of the German Emperor's gifts to his grandmother, and the *pâté de foie gras*, which is also an annual present from the Queen's cousin by marriage, the blind Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

Although it has become, nowadays, rather the exception than the rule to see the dining-room, or, indeed, any apartment in a great country house, excepting the hall, elaborately decorated with holly and mistletoe and other Christmas greenery, the Queen delights in these old-fashioned signs of Christmas, and each autumn large wreaths of heather and bunches of rowan-berries are prepared at Balmoral with a view to the Sovereign's Christmas festivities. It need hardly be said that not only the poor about Osborne, but also those who inhabit the Royal Borough, are not forgotten at this joyful season of the year, and the Queen herself chooses Christmas gifts for all her older attendants and retainers at Balmoral. The Queen's plum-pudding is, like the baron of beef, prepared and cooked at Windsor. Everything in connection with the pudding is done with the greatest care and deliberation; indeed, the cooks start on its preparation about a month before it will be actually required. A Windsor plum-pudding is sent to every one of Her Majesty's descendants.

But at Osborne, as elsewhere, Christmas would not be a very cheerful festival were it not for the children. On this one day in the year, those of her Majesty's younger grandchildren and great-grandchildren who happen to be at Osborne are allowed to join the Royal dinner-party, and for their benefit a wonderful number of German and Scotch cakes, and sweets obtained from Paris, from Rome, and from Madrid, are a special feature of the dessert, while roast chestnuts are served in gold baskets, chestnuts having been for some fifty years past a regular feature of the Queen's Christmas-dinner. Princess Victoria Eugénie of Battenberg

acts as hostess to those of her young relations whose stay at Osborne is only temporary, but, altogether, the Royal children devote a considerable portion of Christmas Eve to receiving and entertaining the school-children of Whippingham Church, for whose benefit a splendid Christmas Tree is generally erected in the Banqueting Hall.

Deplorably tragic was the death at Magersfontein of Lord Winchester, who, quite apart from the fact that he was premier Marquis of England and a very wealthy man, was one of the most popular personalities in Society. He was really beloved in Hampshire, the more so that, unlike most of our great peers, he was not blessed with a multiplicity of beautiful country places, and so was the more devoted to Amport St. Mary's, near Andover, an estate which had been in the Paulet family for many centuries. Lord Winchester was a soldier born and bred. Even as a quiet, shy Eton boy his one interest in life seems to have been

the Army, and the life of an officer in the Coldstreamers suited him admirably, the more so that he had, during his comparatively short life, been able to see a great deal of active service.

As a sportsman the late Lord Winchester was known and appreciated in many circles. He was one of the hundred best shots in the kingdom, but his favourite form of sport, curiously enough, was fishing, and when at Amport he spent many hours on the bank of the lovely little trout-stream running through the place. "Love loyalty" is the English rendering of the proud Paulet motto, and finely the family have lived up to the advice. John Paulet was one of Oliver Cromwell's most successful and resourceful enemies; indeed, his defence of Basing Castle is among the most living and heroic of Hampshire traditions.

Lord Winchester is succeeded by his only brother, hitherto known as Lord William Montagu, who married some seven years ago, but who has no children. Lady Lilian Mary Wemyss, the only sister of the late peer, was very near to him in age, and much sympathy is felt with her in her great loss.

Among the most regular of the vast number of callers at the Ladies' Lobby in the War Office is Lady Margaret Amphil, the wife of Mr. Chamberlain's principal private secretary at the Colonial Office. Her ladyship is a sister of Lieutenant the Hon. R. Lygon, of the Grenadier Guards, who was wounded in one

of the recent battles in South Africa. Her eldest brother is Earl Beauchamp, who, although himself only twenty-seven years of age, holds the distinguished position of Governor of New South Wales, an onerous position for so young a man.

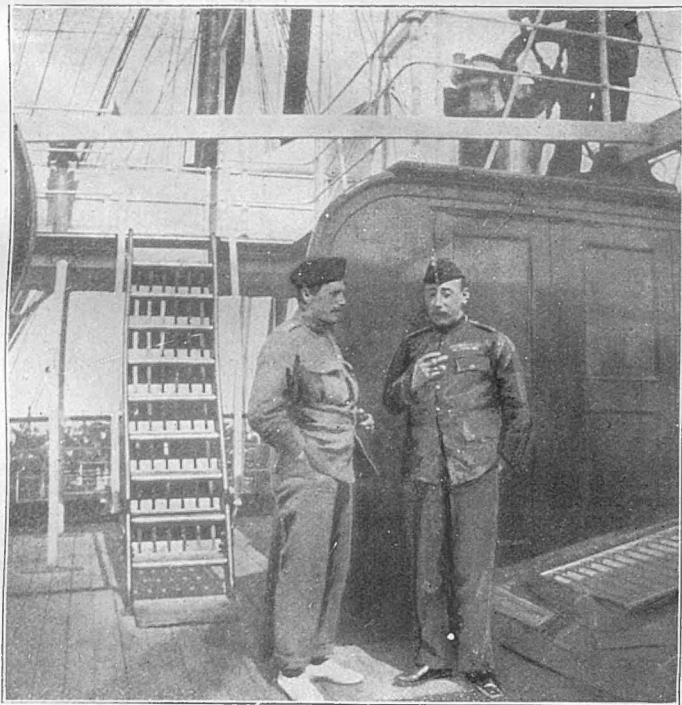
It is curious to note how cognisant people in South Africa are of the history or fame of the more celebrated regiments in the British Army. Thus the Grenadiers, the Scots Greys, and the Inniskilling Dragoons—though shorn to a great extent of their martial panoply—have been received with great enthusiasm. In the case of the Scots Greys, the tale has gone abroad that the men have dyed their horses the colour of the khaki uniform, which is said to be almost exactly that of the veldt; but it appears to have been forgotten that, owing to an outbreak of sickness among the horses of the Greys, at least one squadron took over horses of another colour from a regiment on home service, and it is a fact that many of the so-called grey horses are of so dark a hue that they would be no more conspicuous than a chestnut or a bay. Some of the South African papers publish curious accounts of the battle-rolls of regiments landing in that country, and in a list given recently of the "honours" roll of a celebrated regiment, it is safe to say that—whether owing to native printers or not—the gallant regiment concerned would certainly not recognise the record of its own historic achievements.



THE MARQUIS OF WINCHESTER, WHO FELL AT MAGERSFONTEIN.

Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

Here is a fresh photograph of Major Prince Christian Victor, G.C.B., of the King's Royal Rifles, now at "the front" in Natal. He served with the Sirdar last year. He also volunteered for service with the late Prince Henry of Battenberg in the Ashanti crusade, Her Majesty's permission being obtained. Major Prince Christian Victor was born



COLONEL REILLY AND MAJOR PRINCE CHRISTIAN VICTOR GOING TO SOUTH AFRICA ON BOARD THE "BRAEMAR CASTLE."

in April 1867 at Windsor Castle. His mother, it is well known, is the Queen's third daughter, Princess Helena, who on July 5, 1866, married Prince Frederick Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. In his regiment he is as popular as he was when at school at Wellington and as an undergraduate at Magdalen College. At Oxford he was known in athletic circles as a very fair bat and a wicket-keeper of more than average promise.

Hearty and universal sympathy, not only from Her Majesty, but also from many sorrowing relatives and friends, will go out to Mrs. Wauchope, the wife of the gallant soldier who was killed in action during the second terrific battle on the Modder River. Only the other day *The Sketch* published Mrs. Wauchope's portrait, together with some slight account of this bereaved gentlewoman. Since her marriage, which occurred comparatively recently, for she was the famous soldier's second wife, she has been one of the most gracious and charming personalities in the Midlothian social world; and since the departure of General Wauchope for the front, she had devoted herself, as have done innumerable gallant officers' wives, to doing her part in furthering and assisting the excellent Soldiers' Families Association.

Major-General Wauchope, C.B., C.M.G., who fell in the severe battle Lord Methuen fought at Magersfontein, was for a short time in the Navy before he joined the Army in 1865. He was a midshipman on board the *St. George* along with the Duke of Edinburgh.

Major-General Wauchope had seen much active service, beginning with the Ashanti Campaign of 1873-74, and his conduct of the Highland Brigade at the battle of Omdurman is still fresh in the public memory. The late General was at Kassassin, Tel-el-Kebir, and El-Teb; had been four times wounded in battle, and had many narrow escapes. One of the objects of interest at Niddrie-Marischal, his Midlothian residence, is the shattered field-glass, with the bullet-hole in its brown-leather case, which he carried at El-Teb. When General Wauchope returned from the Soudan Campaign last year, he was fêted by his tenantry and neighbours in Yetholm and Niddrie, where he was exceedingly popular. He did not himself think he would be again called to active service in the field, and, as he had a strong desire to enter Parliament, he sought the suffrages last June of the Division of Edinburgh which chose Mr. Dewar as its representative. He was a member of the School Board in the parish where one of his residences was situated, and it is a pathetic circumstance that only a week or two ago his letter of resignation was read at one of its meetings and a resolution passed to keep vacant the seat until the gallant Major-General's return.

Major-General Wauchope belonged to one of the oldest families in Midlothian, and was the seventeenth Wauchope in direct succession. Gilbert Wauchope, the founder of the house, obtained a charter from Robert III. as far back as 1390. The family has never been without its fighting representative, one of whom, "Young Niddrie," who fought at Minden, is thus celebrated by Sir Walter Scott—

Come, stately Niddrie, bauld and true,
Girt with the sword that Minden knew;
We have owre few such lairds as you.

Niddrie-Marischal, the late General's home, is situated three miles east from Edinburgh, and on the property is the road along which Prince Charlie marched his troops to Prestonpans. The house contains many fine paintings; among the family portraits hangs the famous presentment of Sir William Wallace, who is claimed as an ancestor of the Wauchopes. There are examples of the Dutch school, of Rembrandt and of Vandermeer. There are several relics of Omdurman in the house; notably an Emir's flag with long bamboo staff, with the inscription in Arabic, "Mohammed Ahmed el Mahdi Kalifat er Rasul," and a gold band half-way down the flag-staff on which is engraven, "Placed here by General Wauchope's brother officers. September, 1898. They were brave foemen, these Dervishes." General Wauchope had a presentiment, it is said, that he would not return from the South African Campaign, and one's hearty sympathy goes forth to his widow, whose first tidings of the death of her husband came to her ears from the newsboys on the streets of Edinburgh.

Fortunate indeed are those wounded Boers who fall into the hands of their enemy, for the various British Red Cross Societies carry out in the most literal sense the noble rules laid down by the Geneva Convention, and which ordain that friend and foe, once wounded, should be regarded as strictly neutral and entitled to exactly the same amount of kindness and medical assistance. Hitherto the Boer ambulances have been terribly inadequate, and every Englishman and Englishwoman will rejoice to hear that this deficiency is being made up, notably from Germany and Holland. One very well-known German Princess, Princess Salm-Salm, who for her nursing services in the Franco-Prussian War received the Iron Cross, has just started for South Africa in charge of an ambulance which is to have its headquarters at Pretoria.

One of the Princesses Touvertskoy also hopes to leave Russia with an international ambulance, which will, however, work from a Boer centre. Although nothing can compare in completeness or costliness with the various hospital-ships sent out from this country, the Dutch Red Cross Society, which is under the direct patronage of the two Queens, has just taken out a good shipload of comforts and medical necessities, and there is little doubt that the Dutch nurses will be welcomed with enthusiasm by the wounded Boers, the more so that they will be able to speak their own language.

Lieutenant Hugh Trevor Crispin, who was severely wounded at the Modder River battle, the other day, was born in 1868. Although he now belongs to the Northumberland Fusiliers, he received his first commission in the Leinster Regiment. After serving with this for six months, he exchanged (in May 1892) into his present corps. With



LIEUT. H. T. CRISPIN, 1ST NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS, WOUNDED AT MODDER RIVER.

Photo by Russell and Sons, Southsea.

this—"the Fighting Fifth," as the Northumberland Fusiliers are proudly known—he went through the Nile Expedition of last year, and was present at the battle of Khartoum. On leaving Egypt, at the end of the campaign, he was stationed for some months with his battalion in Crete.

Captain Edward Walter Fletcher, whose name is included in the melancholy list of "missing" after the recent most unfortunate engagement at Stormberg, has about fifteen years' service in the Northumberland Fusiliers, and was promoted to his present rank in December 1892. With the 2nd Battalion of his regiment (which, by the way, left England but a few weeks ago), he went all through the Hazara

that John Augustus O'Shea, better-known to his intimates as "the General," has been stricken with paralysis, and is therefore no longer able to earn his living with his pen. A fund, which it is hoped will be generously responded to, is being raised to help the veteran journalist in his distress. There never was a cheerier companion than "the General," and the stories told about him and his adventures are innumerable.

One of the best refers to the time when, as Special Correspondent of the *Standard*, he went to Cyprus to assist at the initial occupation by our troops. Lord (then Sir Garnet) Wolseley was High Commissioner of the island, and one fine day "the General" received an invitation to dine with His Excellency. O'Shea immediately went to Sir Garnet's Aide-de-Camp and explained that he had not brought a dress-suit with him—indeed, that his wardrobe was very scanty. "Never mind," said the Aide-de-Camp; "any black coat will do." Accordingly, "the General" appeared at the festive board magnificently attired in a rather large frock-coat, and he also displayed immaculate linen cuffs and collar. His brethren of the Press marvelled at "the General's" splendour. After the feast was over and coffee and smoke joined issue, Sir Garnet said, "Gentlemen, it's oppressively hot; pray take off your coats if you have a mind to." And he set an example by appearing in his shirt-sleeves. Everyone followed suit, including the "General." A roar of laughter followed his undraping. And well it might. Beneath the frock-coat "the General" wore only a "dicky" and cuffs.

The disasters in South Africa recall a beautiful poem named "Killed at Isandula," written by "Violet Fane," now Lady Currie, wife of Lord Currie, our Ambassador at Rome. Evidently, "Violet Fane" was in those days a bitter opponent of war, but five of the lines in the poem are well worth remembering at the present sad season—

I hold them blest, who, when a grief is near,
Can turn to Heaven and say, "Thy will be done!"
Then sit serene beneath a saddened sun
And face a clouded future without fear;
I hold them blest, but nowise good or great.



CAPT. E. W. FLETCHER, 2ND NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS, MISSING AT STORMBERG.



CAPT. F. B. MORLEY, 2ND NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS, MISSING AT STORMBERG.

From Photographs by Russell and Sons, Southsea.

Campaign of 1888. For his services on this occasion he received the medal and clasp that was granted on the conclusion of hostilities. It seems but yesterday that he left for South Africa.

Like Captain Fletcher, Captain Francis Britton Morley, 2nd Battalion the Northumberland Fusiliers, is also among those reported "missing" after General Gatacre's Stormberg engagement of Dec. 10. He joined his regiment just nine years ago, and gained his company therein at the end of 1897. Both battalions of the Northumberland Fusiliers are on active service in South Africa at the present moment. Ever foremost in the fighting-line, they have naturally suffered very heavy losses during the past few weeks. Especially has this been the case among the officers, for, in addition to the two referred to, they have also lost Colonel Keith-Falconer and Captain Eagar, the former, however, in the sortie from Kimberley, while the latter was killed in the first engagement on the Modder.

Lieutenant F. G. Tait, of the Black Watch, wounded at Magersfontein, is the famous "Freddy Tait" who has been twice amateur champion at golf and tied for the amateur championship this year with Mr. John Ball junior. He is a son of the eminent Edinburgh scientist, Mr. Peter Guthrie Tait, now Professor of Natural Philosophy at Edinburgh, and once Senior Wrangler and First Smith's prizeman at Cambridge. Professor Tait, whose name was formerly in the mouth of all Edinburgh for his discoveries on heat and light, humorously complains that, since his son took up golf, no one ever speaks of him except as "Freddy Tait's father." "Freddy," who is tall and tough and fair-haired and blue-eyed, is the ideal fighting-man. At golf he plays very quickly, doing all his strokes with an ease suggestive of instinct, as Walter Yardley played cricket when he was in his prime. All Scotland wishes him a speedy recovery.

Not a few soldiers as well as Pressmen will be very sorry to hear



MAJOR-GENERAL ANDREW GILBERT WAUCHOPE, C.B., C.M.G., WHO FELL WHILE COMMANDING THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE AT MAGERSFONTEIN.

Photo by Kemp, Dalkeith.

General Sir William Forbes Gatacre, whose serious reverse in South Africa has been learned with regret by the public in general, and with a somewhat ungenerous condemnation by Lord Durham in particular, is the scion of one of our oldest county families. "Hic eram in dierum seculis" is the motto of the Gatacres of Shropshire, which may be colloquially translated as "Here we have been for a deuce of a time"; and the boast is a true one, for a fighting Gatacre held his Manors of Gatacre and Sutton as a reward for military service in the reign of Henry III. But the Gatacres were even then quite a respectably old family, whose estates, tradition said, had been granted to them by the saintly but hardly warlike Confessor.

The Gatacres gave a succession of soldiers to the Empire, and not soldiers only, for John Gatacre was M.P. for Bridgnorth in the reign of Edward IV. In the sixteenth century a member of this family—who, by the way, spelt the name Gataker—held the living of St. Edmund's, Lombard Street. He was an eminent divine, and finds a place in that historic volume, "Fuller's Worthies." But this particular Worthy was not the only Gatacre connected with London, for his son, the Rev. Thomas, in the following century was Rector of Rotherhithe for forty years.

Holland till the Peace. The third regiment, the 2nd Battalion of the Scottish Rifles, has had no experience in Holland, but has seen much service in South Africa. They fought in the Kaffir War of 1846-7, were engaged in the later Kaffir War under Sir Evelyn Wood in 1878, and took part in the Zulu War in Natal in 1879.

Whether the splendid manner in which the Reservists have answered the call to arms has anything to do with it or not, the War Office has formulated a scheme which will not only be welcomed by every soldier and admirer of the Army, but will also do something to make the number of "paper soldiers" less. By this term, of course, no reflection is cast on the absent-minded one, but everyone knows how many men on the regimental rolls are employed as clerks, messengers, and in various other ways. The scheme—to be applied at first to the Royal Garrison Artillery only—is to fill these posts with Reservists and time-expired men, thus releasing a considerable number of men to take their place in the ranks. It is hoped that, later on, the same system will be extended to the other branches of the Army, and that, instead of taking men from the ranks, old soldiers will fill the places of cooks, officers' servants, &c. The calling-up of the Reserves showed that the greater proportion of the



MEN WHO SOLD THEIR LIVES DEARLY AT MAGERSFONTEIN: ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS PRACTISING INDEPENDENT-FIRING EXERCISE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY, STRAND.

The present head of the house of Gatacre of Gatacre is Sir William's eldest brother, and he has another brother a year or two older than himself, General John Gatacre, who has done good service in India. Sir William's mother was a Forbes of Callendar House, N.B., and so he has fighting blood in him on both father's and mother's side. Sir William is likely to give a good account of himself *and his men* (Lord Durham notwithstanding) if the Fates give him another and a fairer opportunity.

It is somewhat curious that three of the regiments of which drafts are going out to the seat of war in the *Jelunga* have seen service either in Holland among the ancestors of the Boers, or in South Africa in the district where they will probably be engaged. The 2nd Battalion of the Shropshire Light Infantry was in Holland with the Duke of York just a hundred years ago. They were in the Walcheren Expedition ten years later, while they saw service on the eastern frontier of Cape Colony in the memorable times of 1856-7, and remained, part of them in the Cape Colony, part in Natal, till 1863.

The 1st Battalion of the Essex Regiment, though it has never fought in South Africa, has been among the Dutch, having taken part in the unfortunate and costly assault of Bergen-op-Zoom, when the regiment suffered greatly, in the early part of 1814. The survivors remained in

men were employed in good situations; if the new scheme is successful and is extended, there should be scarcely a Reserve man unemployed in the Three Kingdoms.

A sporting show is being organised this year by a benevolent band of North Londoners, known as "Top-Hatters and Bonnetters," who have, by means of an eccentric character football-match, played on Boxing Day, returned to charities upwards of a thousand pounds. The "Top-Hats and Bonnets" will play this year at Tufnell Park (kick-off at 2 p.m.), with some remarkably fine patriotic characters in the field, the ladies' team being captained by "Britannia," and the other characters including "Miss Jonathan," "The British Lion" will captain the "Top-Hats," supported by the "Absent-Minded Beggar," "Uncle Sam," &c. It is hoped, notwithstanding the demands being made on the benevolent at the present time, to hand over to the deserving institutions of the district nearly £500.

Chance had it that I saw Sarah Bernhardt arrive in Paris after her long absence, and I was never more impressed with the domination that a theatrical life could exercise over an individual. After all, she had more than once passed through Paris during the last four months, and, as the home journey was only from Tours, there seemed little call for a function. But everybody was there.



TYPES OF THE "BLACK WATCH,"

ONE OF THE GALLANT REGIMENTS REPRESENTED AT THE BATTLE OF MAGERSFONTEIN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY, STRAND.

The betrothal of the youthful and charming Princess Elizabeth of Austria to the Duke Ulric of Württemberg is reported from Vienna. The Princess is the only child of the late Crown Prince Rudolph and his spouse, the Princess Stephanie. She is only sixteen years of age, and of a most pleasant disposition. The bridegroom-elect is the son of Duke Philippe of Württemberg and the Archduchess Maria Theresa, who is the daughter of the late Archduke Albert, the victor of Custoza. The Prince, who is only twenty-two years of age, is a Lieutenant in the 2nd Württemberg Uhlans, and a promising young officer. I give my readers the most recent photographs of the Duke and Princess.

A truly national work will be "The Victoria History of the Counties of England," undertaken by the estimable firm of Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co., of 2, Whitehall Gardens, S.W. No wonder the Queen has ordered that a set of these volumes shall, when completed, be sent to the Royal Library at Windsor Castle. Mr. H. Arthur Doubleday courteously writes—

May I be permitted to correct an impression which your kind reference to the above series in your last issue is likely to create? The Victoria History is to be published in the course of eight years, and most of the present generation may therefore hope to see it completed.

The Captain of Westminster School writes to me as follows—

I read in *The Sketch* of to-day a notice to the effect that it was proposed to move Westminster School into the country. This is the first that has been heard of such a scheme here. I beg leave, as Captain of the School, to correct some of the statements made, and given as reasons for our removal to the country. It is stated that the School loses daily in numbers and in standing. This is not true. Twenty years ago the numbers of the School were higher than they had been for half-a-century, and since then they have remained almost exactly the same. "Deterioration is seen also in sports, except in football." Far from it; we have more than held our own at cricket in recent years against Charterhouse, whom you hold up to us as a model—in fact, the school games are at present more flourishing than they have ever been. As for "foolish sentiment" about removing out of London, it has yet to be proved that the sentiment is foolish.

I am rejoiced to hear that such an old and valuable institution is in so prosperous a condition. May prosperity ever attend Westminster and her learned and gallant sons!

On Wednesday, the 13th, two new operettas were presented for the first time at St. George's Parish Hall, Catford. The entertainment was given for the St. George's Lawn-Tennis Club by the members of the Lyric Stage Academy, with some other friends. The pieces performed were "Tempests in Teacups," an operetta in two acts by the well-known



[Photo by Fürk, Vienna]



[Photo by Brandseph, Stuttgart.]

A ROYAL BETROTHAL: THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA AND THE DUKE ULRIC OF WÜRTTEMBERG.

It is likely that the French Riviera will serve at least one novel purpose this year. On all sides I hear of arrangements to take invalids who return wounded from South Africa to some point overlooking the Mediterranean. In many quarters houses are being placed at the disposal of the sufferers, and there is some talk of organising a big private establishment, half hospital and half convalescent-home, for the benefit of the unfortunate among fighting-men. If the schemes under discussion arrive at maturity, the French Riviera will look as it never looked before. We may expect to see the Promenade des Anglais at Nice full of invalid-chairs, and the Terrace at Monte Carlo with a big sprinkling of hospital-nurses. Some wounded soldiers are already back in England, more are on their way, and, alas, there will be many additions to the lengthy list before the Riviera season is far advanced.

On the Essex and Suffolk coasts the decoy-ponds have yielded a big harvest, and on all the low-lying marsh farms wild duck and snipe have been readily secured. In the country last week I secured a brace of mallard three miles from the sea, and found snipe where I have not seen them in the last four years. The patient wild-fowlers who go out by light of the moon in white overalls on to the marshes, and stay patiently through a night that records ten degrees of frost, have been getting excellent mixed bags. Wild geese, pintail ducks, and curlew have been mainly in evidence. The cold has also made partridge-shooting a very simple matter, for the birds in most parts of England have never seen snow, and remain in the hedges, rising just in front of the dogs, and offering a fair mark.

novelist, Miss Pirkis, and Mr. Adrian Ross, the clever lyric-writer and *Sketch* contributor, and a Japanese legendary operetta, called "The Jewel Maiden," by Miss M. C. Gillington (Mrs. C. F. Byron), also known as a writer of charming lyrics. The music of both was by Florian Pascal, a composer who is also popular in his other capacity as a publisher. The opening piece went well, with much applause. It dealt with the fortunes of two old connoisseurs in china, each of whom was the proud possessor of a spurious Sèvres cup which he believed to be one of a priceless Du Barry tête-à-tête set. In an appropriate Christmas framing of holly and mistletoe, it entertained the audience greatly. The music was bright and taking. The Japanese operetta, "The Jewel Maiden," was widely different, but none the less poetical and charming. The music of this piece was most attractive and refined, suggesting, without obtruding, the Japanese feeling.

I met Mr. Horace Plunkett the other day, the first time he appeared in public since his illness. Unfortunately, he does not nearly look himself yet, and has still to wear mechanical appliances to support his leg or prevent any limp. He seems to stoop, probably due to the former weakness of his chest. His complete recovery will be good news to innumerable people, for among the Irish Members—I might almost say, in the whole House—there is hardly a man who stands better with his fellows. And I frankly confess (it may be weakness) that to meet an honest man is one of those novelties which to me, personally, is attractive. Needless to say, Mr. Plunkett gives the Boers all the credit they can expect, and is for judicious moderation in our after-dealings with them.

It was a happy idea to collect appropriate works of some of our leading black-and-white artists for the purpose of a "Child's Exhibition." All the pictures selected deal with children and child-life, and I have only to mention as contributors to the show the names of Messrs. Phil May, Dudley Hardy, Tom Browne, Cecil Aldin, J. Hassall, and



others, to assure the reader that the "Child's Exhibition" is the place to take one's kiddies to on a winter's afternoon. The invitation-card to the private view is by Mr. Tom Browne, whose work is well known to *Sketch* readers.

In this connection, it may be interesting to mention that Mr. Tom Browne's recent caricatures of "King John" and the chief of the *Daily Mail* appealed so strongly to Messrs. Beerbohm Tree and Alfred Harmsworth respectively that these gentlemen begged for the originals, which I forwarded to them with the greatest pleasure. The "King John" drawing now adorns Her Majesty's Theatre, and the Harmsworth Buildings jealously guard the latest portrait of "Alfred" the Great.

One of the novelties of the present Paris season is the "five o'clock" tea at nine o'clock in the evening. Under the rubric of "Le Monde et la Ville" in the fashionable journals appears regularly the announcement "Une tasse de thé à neuf heures, chez tel ou tel." It certainly does not suggest an evening of reckless frivolity, although doctors who only vaguely hint at one half they know of the effects of tannin after a meal should regard this development with confidence and anticipation.

This is a photograph of the African lion which has just been presented to the Savage Club by one of its members, Mr. S. L. Hinde, the well-known traveller, who is an officer of the British East Africa Protectorate. The animal, which is a magnificent specimen of its race, was shot by Mr. Hinde near Machakos, which is in the very centre of his district. It has been ably stuffed and mounted by Messrs. E. Gerrard and Sons, taxidermists to the British Museum, to whom I am indebted for this picture. This latest addition to the trophies of the famous Club has been placed in one of the principal apartments.



LION PRESENTED TO THE SAVAGE CLUB BY MR. HINDE:
MOUNTED BY GERRARD AND SONS.

Photo by Gerrard and Sons.

War Correspondents get used to writing letters on the back of a saucepan in a storm of shrapnel, and having them compared unfavourably with the great English classics which took a lifetime to write. But the public criticises the censor's imbecilities and the telegraphist's crimes as well. How would an Alfred Austin South African ode or a Kipling poem look if held down and blue-pencilled? Take a few lines of the latter's, with the risky parts censored out, such as—

"For a gentleman in khaki ordered" (matter omitted here calculated to reveal destination of the Army Corps).

"He's an absent-minded beggar and" (matter censored tending to lower morale of the troops)—

"But we and Paul must take him as we find him—"

"He is out" (other matter betraying official information) "wiping something off a slate—"

"And he's left a lot of little things behind him."

"Duke's son" (expression liable to wound regimental *esprit de corps*), "son of a hundred kings—"

(Entire line omitted of grossly treasonable matter under Rule II., disclosing full particulars of number and objective of the command.)

"Each of 'em doing" (fresh dangerous reference to operations at front).

"And who's to look after their things?" [The War Office has a complete organisation for relieving the soldiers' and reservists' families.]

"Pass the hat" (half-line withheld likely to injure the national credit abroad), "and pay—pay—pay!"



MISS ESMÉ BERINGER.

Who recited "The Absent-Minded Beggar" at the Special Matinée, Theatre Royal, Dublin, Dec. 6, and helped to increase Lady Roberts' Fund of the Irish Soldiers and Sailors' Families Association. Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

Mr. Charles Arnold writes to me from East London, South Africa, objecting to the statement made in these columns some time back—on the authority of a correspondent—to the effect that his South African tour had been brought to a premature close.

I have no idea [he says] of closing my season. As a matter of fact, I played in Johannesburg eleven weeks, and only left there when I found the population had dwindled down to a point where we could only play to expenses. I then went to Pretoria and played seven nights. Business was splendid there until "commandeering" commenced. I saw it was useless to continue there, under the circumstances, so took train for Port Elizabeth. I was treated with every courtesy while in Pretoria, being made an honorary member of the Pretoria Club, where I met all the prominent Boers. Very little war-talk was indulged in by the members. While watching a game of billiards one day, a member unconsciously whistled "Soldiers of the Queen" during the progress of the game, but no notice was taken of it. Since leaving Pretoria, I have visited Port Elizabeth and Grahamstown, and while en route for Queenstown we were stopped at Alicedale, as the Imperial troops had taken possession of the line. We returned to Grahamstown and took Cape carts to King William's Town, a distance of eighty-two miles, which my cart made in twelve and a-half hours; nothing of interest on the road except a change of horses or mules every two hours. Two large baboons rushed across the road in front of us while we were going through a rocky gorge after playing at King William's Town. We came on to East London, and remain here two weeks; witnessed the arrival of the transport *Britannia* on the 16th, and landing of the Royal Irish Rifles. They spent the night here, and proceeded to Queenstown. I take my company from here to Pietermaritzburg, and open the new Theatre Royal, Durban, at Christmas. We then go to Cape Town and Kimberley, and sail for Australia early in February. "What Happened to Jones" still continues to draw well everywhere, and the members of my company are in the best of health and spirits. We have lost but five nights in travel during twenty weeks, and expect to complete our tour of Africa, spite of the war.

CHRISTMAS EXCURSIONS AT A GLANCE.

A series of tours to the South of France and Italy, at exceptionally low fares, has been arranged for the present season by the Brighton Company, *via* the Newhaven and Dieppe route. By a ticket costing £10 first-class, and £7 7s. second-class, it is now possible to visit the whole Riviera Coast between Cette and Genoa, including Marseilles, Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo, San Remo, Bordighera, &c. The tickets are available for sixty days and allow sixty pounds of baggage free, except on the Italian railways. First-class passengers leaving Victoria (Brighton Company) by the 10 a.m. express are due at Nice the following afternoon at 3 o'clock, at Mentone at 3, and at San Remo at 6.30 p.m. The sea-passage is performed daily by the company's new and powerful 21-knot steamers in about three hours. The return journey is made from Genoa, but a supplementary ticket issued at small cost permits an extension of the tour to Rome, Florence, or Venice, returning thence to Paris by any of the French or Swiss routes. The journey can be broken at Paris in both directions, thus saving the fatigue of the long through-journey between London and the Mediterranean.

The South-Eastern and Chatham Company announce that on Friday, Dec. 22, in connection with the 11 a.m. train from Charing Cross, Victoria, Cannon Street, and Holborn, a special train, composed of first and second class lavatory corridor-carriages and a restaurant, will leave Calais for Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo, Mentone, &c. The reduced return fares by this train from London to any of these stations will be, first class, £9 11s.; second class, £6 10s. 7d. First, second, and third class cheap fourteen-day return tickets will also be issued to Paris on Dec. 22, 23, and 24 by the 2.45 p.m. service from Charing Cross and Cannon Street, *via* Folkestone and Boulogne, and by the 9 p.m. mail service from Charing Cross and Cannon Street, *via* Dover and Calais.

The London and South-Western announce that excursion tickets will be issued to stations west of Exeter by the 12.30 midnight train from Waterloo on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 22 and 23. Cheap third-class return tickets will be issued from London to stations in the West of England, North and South Devon, and North Cornwall, also to Weymouth, Dorchester, Poole, Bournemouth, &c., by all trains on Dec. 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, and 25, and to stations on the Somerset and Dorset Line on Dec. 20, 21, 22, and 23, available to return up to and including Dec. 30. (Not from the Somerset and Dorset Line on Dec. 24 and 25.)

The Great Western Railway Company issue tickets at their principal City and West-End offices, and this arrangement cannot fail to be a boon to those travellers who desire to avoid the trouble of obtaining tickets at a crowded railway-station. Cheap third-class tickets at reduced fares will be issued at Paddington, Clapham Junction, Victoria (S. E. and C.), Kensington (Addison Road), Hammersmith, &c., to Bath, Bristol, Taunton, Barnstaple, Ilfracombe, Exeter, Torquay, Plymouth, Falmouth, Penzance, Yeovil, Dorchester, Weymouth, Guernsey, Jersey, and other places. Similar tickets will also be issued from those districts (except the Channel Islands) to London.

Additional express-trains will be run and special arrangements made in connection with the London and North-Western passenger-trains during the holidays. The company also announce cheap excursions for the Christmas holidays. On Dec. 22 to Dublin, Greenore, Belfast, Ardglass, Armagh, Bray, Bundoran, Cork, Downpatrick, Enniskillen, Galway, Killaloe, Killarney, Limerick, Londonderry, Newcastle (co. Down), Newry, Ovoca, Sligo, Thurles, Warrenpoint, Westport, Wexford, Wicklow, and other places in Ireland; Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and other places in Scotland.

The Great Northern Railway Company announce that on Friday night, Dec. 22 (for five and eight days), and Friday night, Dec. 29 (for five and eight days), cheap excursions will leave London, Woolwich (Arsenal and Dockyard), Greenwich (S. E. and C.), Victoria (S. E. and C.), Ludgate Hill, Moorgate, Aldersgate, Farringdon, King's Cross (G. N.), &c., for Northallerton, Darlington, Richmond, Durham, Newcastle, Alnwick, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Helensburgh, Dumbarton, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Dalmailly, Oban, Fort William, Montrose, Aberdeen, Inverness, and other stations in Scotland.

With regard to the Midland Railway, cheap excursion trains will be run from London (St. Pancras) and principal provincial stations to Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Dundee, Aberdeen, &c., on Fridays, Dec. 22 and 29, for five or eight days, by which return tickets will be issued at a third-class single fare for the double journey. The single-fare tickets issued on Dec. 22 will be available for returning any day up to and including Jan. 6, 1900, and single-fare tickets taken on Dec. 29 will be available for returning any day up to and including Jan. 13, 1900. Cheap excursion trains will also be run from London (St. Pancras) on Saturday, Dec. 23, to Leicester, Birmingham, Nottingham, Derby, Newark, Lincoln, Burton, Manchester, Liverpool, and other places. On Saturday midnight, Dec. 30, a cheap three, four, or five days' trip will be run to Leicester, Loughborough, Nottingham, Manchester, Stockport, Warrington, Liverpool, and Sheffield.

The Great Central Railway will run Christmas and New Year holiday excursions from London on Fridays, Dec. 22 and 29 (for five, eight, and sixteen days), to Northallerton, Darlington, Newcastle, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow, &c., at 7.45 a.m. On Friday, Dec. 22 (for sixteen days) to Ireland (*via* Liverpool). On Saturday (midnight), Dec. 23 (for three and five days), on Friday (midnight), Dec. 29 (for three, four, and five days), to Rugby, Lutterworth, Leicester, Loughborough, Nottingham, Sheffield, Liverpool, Manchester, &c., at 12.15 a.m. The above trains will also call at Harrow-on-the-Hill.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

BY ADRIAN ROSS.

The gifted lady known to all as "Ouida" has lately discoursed on "Unwritten Literary Laws," which she wishes to see obeyed. Incidentally, she thinks that English literature is in a very bad way. That is the opinion of Mr. Robert Buchanan, poet, dramatist, novelist, and general talker-at-large. Both "Ouida" and Mr. Buchanan fulminate against an overbearing Imperialism, whose idol is Mr. Chamberlain, and whose prophet is Rudyard Kipling. In fact, the Bad Buchanan goes so far as to call Kipling a "literary Hooligan," which, from a versatile failure to a versatile success, savours a trifle too much of envy. Not that "Stalky and Co." is a book that any but blind Rudyolaters can read with perfect approval. School stories must, indeed, be conventionally distorted, otherwise they are deadly dull—nearly as dull as University stories. The real life of an average school turns, first, on lessons, secondly, on games, thirdly, on practical jokes and class and personal rivalries. Most school stories, to avoid dullness, practically ignore the school work; Kipling goes a step further, and ignores the play. The consequence is that the Red Indian element that exists in most boys to a limited extent is given free play such as no actual school could allow it. But one ill-judged school story and one or two unnecessarily rough ballads cannot take away a well-earned pre-eminence.

What "Ouida" and Mr. Buchanan would do better to understand is the reason of Kipling's success. He takes trouble over his work, and grips it; his censors let their subject be lost in a wash of purposeless words. Mr. Buchanan had originally more of the real poet in him—a little more—than has Kipling now; but he does not take pains, he is too easily satisfied. As for "Ouida," she can describe a scene or an action, giving as unerring an impression of unreality and inaccuracy as Kipling gives of knowledge and actuality. No doubt the man is not nearly so sure as he seems, nor is the lady half as ignorant as her language might imply. But it is the style that does it—the right word in the right place.

But, while it is not fair to take Kipling as a type of degeneracy, it is undoubtedly true that very little literature of any importance has lately been produced. And the cause of this is not far to seek; it is the journalistic habit of mind. Neither writer nor reader cares to take any trouble. Especially is this the case in criticism. Novelists we still have who take pains over their work, and one or two careful poets; but hardly one who will give the necessary time to appreciate literary achievement. Nay, even so careful and conscientious a critic as Mr. William Archer, in those annual summaries of the drama which were so useful, merely compiled a book out of his *World* and other notices, instead of embodying these as recent instances in some essay of permanent value. And now Mr. Clement Scott is on us with two fat volumes (already noticed in *The Sketch*) of old notices, quarrels, anecdotes, the resurrection of the dead and buried ephemeral.

I am not saying that Mr. Clement Scott, acquainted as he has been with so many of the ablest and most attractive actors of his day, could not write a very interesting book of reminiscences; but books are written with a pen, and not with scissors and paste. It is on record that Mr. Scott is almost the only critic whose notices have had an appreciable effect on box-office returns. People read him. He was often unfair, generally exaggerated, but he was readable next morning—and that made amends. This was enough to make newspaper readers forgive him graver errors than he ever committed.

But the rapidity, the picturesqueness, the exaggeration even, much as they heightened the impression next morning, were not qualities likely to add to the solid worth of the criticisms. Besides, these notices were very largely concerned with the company, rather than the piece. To reprint them is to substitute anecdote for essay. What we want to know is the progress (if any) in interpreting Shakspeare, the chances of a national endowed Shakspeare Theatre. We want, indeed, a general and impartial discussion of the facts and fancies embedded in the book—not a mere compilation of facts and fancies.

An actor's recollections are generally as bald and uninteresting as a novel by Harrison Ainsworth. The enormous part of routine in stage life, especially in these days of long runs, must make anything like a faithful study of theatrical life either deadly dull or a violent distortion, such as Kipling's "Stalky" is of average school life. Nobody gets more praise and pudding than the actor now, but nobody is sooner forgotten, by the nature of the case. At the time of the performances he chronicles, the critic doubtless thought the piece and the company all-important, and his own notice of it the best thing he had ever done. All this is very natural, but events take their true size and colour at a distance, not too close at hand. Adequate criticism "next morning" is well-nigh impossible. The wonder is that this sort of notice is so generally done, and done often so well.

In a word, we want the cream of Mr. Scott's two big volumes, and nothing more. We need essays on the tendencies and developments of the stage, and a historical summary. We do not need particulars of Mr. Clement Scott's early contests. We know that he has been in perennial hot water for the good cause—and other causes—but hot water kept so long is now lukewarm, at most.

Lieut. Bingley, Lieut. West, Lieut. Peake, Capt. Pigott, Capt. Foley, Capt. Welsh,
Surgeon Greenway, Capt. Sir T. Pasley, Major McCracken, Major Baker.



Captain Taylor, Lieut. Wadlung, Lieut. Shepherd, Lieut. Riley, Lieut. Colbeck.

SOME OFFICERS OF THE GARRISON AT NAAUWPOORT, CAPE COLONY, TAKEN, A FEW DAYS BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF GENERAL FRENCH, BY A SERGEANT OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS. IT WILL BE NOTICED THAT THE OFFICERS ARE ALL BEGINNING TO GROW THEIR BEARDS.



A SERIOUS CASE FOR THE ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL CORPS, SHOWING HOW AMBULANCE AND STRETCHER WORK IS DONE IN SOUTH AFRICA.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES KNIGHT, ALDERSHOT.

"BARBARA FREITCHIE."

All playgoing New York, especially what are locally known as the gilt-edged members thereof, have been of late much exercised by the presentation of a certain war-play at their local Criterion Theatre. The flutter of excitement has not been caused because the play is a war-play, for, of course, until our own present war (may it speedily cease!) caused our playwrights to resort to wholesale nailing up Transvaal—or "Armoured Train"—dramas, America was the place where nearly all the war-plays came from. The best examples yet imported here are, doubtless, Mr. William Gillette's "Held by the Enemy" and his "Secret Service," the last-named being fraught with a painful historical interest for English playgoers, owing to its having been the last piece that poor William Terriss played in. In fact, he was entering the Adelphi, in order to resume his part (originally played by Mr. Gillette), when the murderer's fell knife pierced poor Terriss to the heart.

No; it is not because the new play I started out to describe is a war-play that it has aroused the interest of the theatre-going section of New York City and what Sam Gerridge would call the "immediate

protect Barbara and her family during an invasion by the Union soldiers. This Captain, Trumbull by name, becomes ere long quite a Northern Romeo to this Southern Juliet, and arrangements are made for a speedy marriage between the extremely amorous pair.

Unhappily, however, just as a local minister is about to perform the ceremony, "amazement" sets in at the beginning thereof, instead of waiting—as the Marriage Service has it—until the end. At this very "psychological" moment, the Confederate troops suddenly come along, and the Federal bridegroom-elect is fain to hasten off to beat up his men. A Southern sharpshooter threatens that he will wait until the Northern Captain passes by and will shoot him down. Whereupon, bride-elect Barbara at once grasps a convenient gun, and threatens to shoot the sharpshooter. Both keep their respective resolves and fire accordingly, the sharpshooter missing *his* man and Barbara wounding *hers*.

In due course, however, and before the lovers can be properly reunited, the horrors of civil war flame forth afresh, and presently the brave young Northern Captain is really shot down (while in the execution of his duty) by his bride-elect's brother, also in the execution of *his* duty. From this point, pathos—not to say, tragedy—sets in, and poor Barbara's



Julia Marlowe as Barbara.

LOVE AND WAR: "BARBARA FREITCHIE," AT BROAD STREET THEATRE, NEW YORK. ACT III.: THE FREITCHIES' HOUSE IN FREDERICK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK.

neighbouring vicinity." It is because this new play is a version—or, as many declare, a per-version—of the mostly grave and reverend but always kindly poet Whittier's poem, "Barbara Freitchie," a poem recited by every schoolboy in America and by not a few in England.

The author of this play, certain scenes of which will be found pictorially set forth herewith, is Mr. Clyde Fitch, a young dramatist who is not utterly unknown in London, although his play-writing record here has not, as yet, been anything to boast about, especially as concerns a certain comedy he wrote for Mrs. John Wood.

In adapting the little legend of Barbara Freitchie for the American stage, Mr. Fitch has taken certain liberties which, according to some, can only be permitted to dramatists of greater renown than he. These objectors point out, for example, the fact that Barbara, the heroine, has been made a young girl just smitten by the power of Love, and not the octogenarian lady of Whittier's verses. Indeed, Barbara (according to one keen local critic) is not only "the belle of the countryside," but a particularly "flirtatious" belle, too. One of the victims of this beautiful Southerner's piercing eyes is a young fellow named Jack Negley. Soon, however, the sometime fickle Barbara, having rejected Jack and driven him to the verge of insanity, falls hopelessly in love with a dashing Northern Captain, who (albeit on duty for his cause) contrives to

woes began to grow apace. She contrives to get her dangerously wounded bridegroom that was to have been into her father's house—nay, into her own spotless bedroom. Despite her unremitting care, however, the gallant young Northern officer dies of his wounds. Agonised in the extreme, Barbara resolves at a critical moment (and here we come momentarily back to Whittier) to wave the Stars and Stripes from her balcony in spite of the shots, stones, and other missiles from "Stonewall" Jackson's troops. As in the Whittier lines, "Stonewall" gives order that if any man of his shall dare to fire on Barbara, he shall die like a dog. But, alas, young Negley, Barbara's rejected lover, now far beyond the verge of insanity, thanks to his brooding over his rejection by Barbara and to the horrors of war, fires at her, and soon there is an end of poor, distracted, but still beautiful Barbara.

Whether this drama will appeal to Londoners or not, when it is brought over here (as it seems likely to be ere long) by Miss Julia Marlowe, who plays Barbara, of course, remains to be proved. Whether or no, surely no one can (or rather, no one ought) complain of Mr. Clyde Fitch transforming, for dramatic purposes, Whittier's undramatic and aged flag-waver into a beautiful, romantic young heroine. As a matter of fact, he has used only the title of Whittier's poem, and really there is not much else of that poem that one could dare use for a play.—H. C. N.



Julia Marlowe as Barbara Freitchie.

LOVE AND WAR: "BARBARA FREITCHIE," AT BROAD STREET THEATRE, NEW YORK. ACT IV., SCENE II.: OUTSIDE THE FREITCHIES' HOUSE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK.

ZANGWILL'S "CHILDREN OF THE GHETTO"

"Thou art consecrated to me by this ring, according to the law of Moses and Israel," said Sam Levine to pretty Hannah Jacobs, as he placed a ring upon her finger, and then all laughed at the jest—all save one. He was Melechitedek Pinchas, a poet, learned in the law, half-enthusiast, half-scoundrel, and wholly strange in manner and person. "It's a good marriage," he said, and all groaned; "but I will get you out of it—for a consideration." Apparently, it was a valid marriage, according to Rabbinical law, and the opinion of Pinchas was confirmed by Moses Ansell, a lemon-seller, also learned in the law. What was to be done to set them free? A divorce would do, and a divorce was contrived.

Hannah had got "get," but was not quite out of the wood, for within a few days she became anxious, very anxious, to be married in earnest to a lax young Jew named David Brandon. At first sight, his laxity was an obstacle, but the Rabbi of the Ghetto, Reb Shemuel, Hannah's father, was convinced that Brandon's love for his daughter would cause him to become a pious Jew—in which view he was probably mistaken—so he consented to the marriage. Suddenly,



MR. ISRAEL ZANGWILL, AUTHOR OF "CHILDREN OF THE GHETTO."
NOW BEING PLAYED BY AN AMERICAN COMPANY AT THE ADELPHI.

Photo by Langflier, Glasgow and Old Bond Street.

however, the Rabbinical law had its vengeance. For Brandon, ignorant of its pertinence to his marriage, told to Reb Shemuel the fact that he was a Cohen, one of the priest family descended from Aaron. "Thank God I learnt this in time," said the old man. "You cannot marry Hannah, for she is a woman put away from her husband, and no priest may wed such a woman!"

There you have the centre fact of Mr. I. Zangwill's play, "Children of the Ghetto," now played by a clever American company at the Adelphi. The question is whether the young people will submit to the old law, which to them seems utterly unreasonable. The man refuses, and for a while the girl consents to elope with him, but at the last moment yields to her idea of duty and refuses. The talented author offers no way out, and his play ends with David Brandon cursing in his heart the old ideas, and the girl sitting, her bosom oppressed, choked by silent tears, at the side of her parents, and knowing that every moment forces farther from her the man whom she loves. It is very pathetic, though not exactly painful, and shows that the brilliant author of the novel bearing the same title as the play, and also half-a-dozen other books highly esteemed both by public and critics, has a real gift for play-writing. Possibly the love-story, some of which is exquisitely told, will not be so interesting to the public as the strange, vivid pictures of Jewish life in the East-End of London thirty years ago presented by the author. One has a strange group of people—good, bad, and indifferent, comic, pathetic, dignified, and even disgraceful. Reb Shemuel, whose part was admirably played by Mr. Wilton Lackaye, is a charming picture of the learned Rabbi with a beautiful, if almost childlike, belief in the old ideas and traditions of the irrepressible race. Pinchas, though at times the author seems to wander to farce and caricature, is a strange type, the result of learning and brains acting on a low nature brought up under bad circumstances. Perhaps it is cruel to draw such a picture; perhaps it was unkind of Mr. William Norris to play it so vividly and uncompromisingly. Yet certainly the creature, vain, greedy, unscrupulous, repulsive in face and mind, presents a remarkable stage-picture, and

demands and deserves a little restraint, so that it might become a fine work of art. The purely comic creatures, such as the bashful carpenter hopelessly wooing buxom Becky by means of Sugarman, the marriage-broker, and her mother, a *malade imaginaire*, appeal somewhat less to the critical mind; but minor pictures, such as that of Moses Ansell, full of learning, yet unsuccessful as a lemon-peddler, of Esther, his daughter, young in her teens but old in motherly wisdom for her father and the younger children, of Sam Levine, the lively, prosperous Hebrew youth, and Leah, his pretty sweetheart, are interesting, well-drawn figures with an agreeable touch of novelty. Not only is the piece rich in Jewish characters painted from the inside, but it is full of pictures of Jewish manners and life, particularly in relation to the religion which, in a sense, forms a much greater part of the Hebrew life than does that of the Christian of our daily existence. Some may think that the Synagogue scene and the act in Shemuel's house touch too closely upon religious matters; but, if a few are shocked, the many apparently will see no offence where certainly none is intended.

The American company is of excellent if not remarkable quality. Miss Rosabel Morrison and Mr. Robert Edeson, the Hannah and David, were a little disappointing, since, after playing one scene beautifully, they seemed a little deficient in power; no doubt, their work was heavy, and their chief scenes were rather too long for great effect. I have already spoken of the admirable work of Mr. Lackaye and Mr. Norris; concerning the rest, most of whom seem to be really of the Race, there is little save general praise to be given.

A LYCEUM IDYLL: "CHASTE AS SNOW."

The advent of "The Snow Man" at the Lyceum Theatre has created a glow of anticipation amongst the younger generation, and even among the children of older growth, for there seems to be a certainty that we shall have a series of splendid spectacular scenes, while the pictorial poem itself will prove an intellectual treat. The story has been dug out of fairyland, and has been endowed with the charm indigenous to ancient folk-lore, while it has received its up-to-date interpretation from the gifted pen of Mr. Arthur Sturgess, its musical setting partly from its original composer, M. Barrés, and partly from melody-making Walter Slaughter. Then the dressing of the play will undoubtedly be unique with rarity of beauty, the costumes having been designed by Walter Crane, an ideal draughtsman whose poetic feeling is ever woven into his graceful line and eclectic colour. As for the scenery, it is sufficient to say that it comes from the studios of Mr. Hawes Craven and Mr. Banks, while the first scene, it is promised, shall take everyone by surprise. It seems meet that such dainty material should have been put together and should be produced by Mr. H. H. Cameron, whose close communion with the late Poet Laureate, both on and off the stage, inspired him to compile that literary gem, "Tennyson and his Friends," and whose connection with the charming production of "Alice in Wonderland" will not soon be forgotten; while, under the agis of Mr. Comyns Carr's directorship, there seems no possible doubt that "The Snow Man" will prove a real work of art.

The story of the Snow Man opens in that delightfully vague locality—above the clouds, while afterwards the action takes us below them, into a Flemish town in the time of the Middle Ages. It seems that, once upon a time, as pictured forth in the prologue, a certain Fairy Prince played the truant by paying a visit to the nether world. Such conduct naturally entailed grave consequences, so much so, indeed, that the sprite Ariella, evidently his "dominant partner," would have nothing more to do with him, and, exercising her power, she cast him out of Cloudland, precipitating him to the Earth in the form of snow-flakes. It being winter in the Flemish city where he finds himself all to pieces, the youthful burghers very naturally proceed to roll the princely débris into a Snow Man, and while he is in this condition he involuntarily inspires a most bewildering sense of chilliness in everyone in whose neighbourhood he comes, so that most awkward consequences are the result. Moreover, the sprite Ariella descends in bodily form to enjoy her triumph, while she chaffs the Snow Man with a delightful pointedness which is a peculiar specialty of the fair sex; especially does she upbraid him with his want of heart. To please the children, Dr. Faustus, a learned scientist who boasts to be able to animate inanimate objects, tries his powers on the Snow Man, but in vain. However, Ariella is more successful, giving him certain prescribed powers, such as the malevolent one of turning the children into snow-balls; but, instead of exercising these powers, he proves himself amiable to the little ones: he plays with them, and in his tenderness cures the cripples, casting away their crutches, and so on. Melted by these evidences of his innate goodness, which even frost will not entirely destroy, she restores to the Snow Man his heart, of which she had bereft him, when, presto! a Fairy Prince again appears, so handsome, so debonair, that no one wonders that, when hearts and hands are joined indissolubly, true happiness has been found by them.

Mr. James Welch is the Snow Man, and a very funny character he will certainly make him. Dr. Faustus is safe in the hands—or rather, the vocal powers—of Mr. Courtice Pounds. Miss Marie Elba will represent the fairy Ariella, doubtless with the same charm with which she played Hänsel in "Hänsel and Gretel"; while Miss Ruth Davenport will portray the fairy's earthly personality. Some of the children's parts will be played by members of the Hersee family, and one by the charming Phyllis Beadon, of "Alice in Wonderland" remembrance.

COSTUMES FOR "THE SNOW MAN," AT THE LYCEUM.

DESIGNED BY WALTER CRANE.



FAIRY JEWELLERS.



FAIRY WEAVER AND SPINNER.



FAIRY PRINCESS: ARIELLA.



FAIRY PRINTER AND SCRIBE.

"WYEMARKE AND THE SEA FAIRIES."

"Wyemarke and the Sea Fairies" ought to be great friends with a large circle of the reading public, including not only the children who have to grow up, but those of a larger growth who have already emerged out of the fantasy of childhood with a greater appreciation of fantasy. Mr. Edward H. Cooper, the author of the book, which is printed by Messrs. Duckworth and Co., dedicates it, with a happy thought, to the "160 children in the London Hospital." The tens of thousand times 160 children outside the walls of the London Hospital, however, may bear him a grudge for not having included them in the dedication. Such a feeling, however, will vanish when they take the book in their hands, for they will assuredly make friends with him through the friendship of Wyemarke and Marjorie and the Fairy Princess Ena, who are likely to take an affectionate rank with the other delightful companions of our childhood's days.

Many books especially written for children defeat their purpose by the use of words and phrases which are outside the ken of ordinary childhood, despite the pernicious influence, from childhood's point of view, of School Boards and school-teachers generally. Mr. Cooper has skilfully avoided that pitfall of the unwary in the children's seven adventures, each of which grows in accumulative interest and includes some hairbreadth escapes which are calculated to make every little reader, and most big ones, hold their breath in apprehension of the fate of the heroines, for whom, however, as in all proper fairy-tales, everything always ends happily. Not the least attractive of the attractive features of this little volume are the illustrations by Mr. Dudley Hardy. Delicate, fantastic, realistic, they suggest the charm of the story in no uncertain manner, and one or two of them are full of a weird imagination whose appeal is never in the least uncertain and whose effect is just as undoubted.



Frontispiece to "Wyemarke and the Sea Fairies." By E. H. Cooper. Illustrated by Dudley Hardy. London: Duckworth and Co.

THE GILBARS, AT THE OXFORD.

It is one of the smartest and cleanest expositions of triple-bar graceful activity seen in London for a good many years. The performers are three in number—two gentlemen and a lady—and they hail from the Continent. Why are the majority of trapeze performers seen in this country Continentals?

The Gilbars are strangers in a strange land—this is their first visit to England—but they bid fair to soon constitute themselves friends within our gates. Their first performance at the Oxford was a record in a way, inasmuch as they had only landed on British *terra firma* a few hours, after a protracted period of marine athletics, and had certainly not had time to find their "land-legs." But this made no difference to the efficiency of their efforts at night.

The apparatus is nickel-plated and somewhat elaborate in detail. One of the bars is much higher than the others, and this arrangement affords an opportunity for some really striking trapeze-work. The stage background is quite dark, almost black, which throws into telling relief the light dresses of the performers and the glitter of the metal fittings. By far the best trick—what one might call the "star" turn of the number—is depicted in the accompanying photograph, although, of course, not in its entirety. The lady is seated on the high bar, and the others have each a bar to themselves. After a few evolutions, the farthest Gilbar takes a flying leap across the apparatus—or shoots across, would be a more adequate description—and fixes upon the pendent feet of the lady on the high bar, assuming horizontal rigidity face downwards. The latter position is also simultaneously taken up by the third performer on the middle bar. That is the "situation" which is

shown in the photograph. The whole performance is gone through with the most remarkable ease and dexterity.



THE GILBARS IN THEIR "STAR" TURN AT THE OXFORD.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CAMPBELL, LUDGATE HILL.

"THE MYSTICAL MISS," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.



MR. DE WOLF HOPPER AS DEMIDOFF.
Photo by Pach Brothers, New York.



MISS JESSIE MACKAYE AS KATRINKA.
Photo by Pach Brothers, New York.



MISS JESSIE MACKAYE IN A SHORT FROCK.
Photo by Pach Brothers, New York



MISS NELLA BERGEN AS ANNA, DEMIDOFF'S DAUGHTER.
Photo by Knebler, Philadelphia.

(See "Sketch" Theatre Gossip, page 349.)

"KING JOHN," AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Copyright Photographs by the British Mutoscope and Biograph Company, Limited.



MR. LEWIS WALLER AS FAULCONBRIDGE.



MR. BEERBOHM TREE AS KING JOHN.

(Mr. Tree's Magnificent Revival of "King John" is to be displaced by "A Midsummer Night's Dream" early in the New Year.)

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

GENERAL HUNTER'S DASHING SORTIE.

The accounts that reached London last week of the recent successful sortie from Ladysmith Camp (when a strongly intrenched Boer position was captured and its guns dismounted in a most gallant manner) have naturally directed some attention to the leader of the exploit in question. This was Major-General Sir Archibald Hunter, K.C.B., D.S.O., who, at the present moment, is acting as Chief of the Staff to Sir George White, V.C.

An officer of five-and-twenty years' service, General Hunter has of late been rather prominently before the public. For this, his distinguished career in Egypt and the Soudan has been mainly responsible. In fact, it may safely be said of Hunter (as of many of his contemporaries) that "Egypt has made him." He has worked for his recognition, however, in a manner that the most exacting could not find fault with, as for nearly fifteen years he bore, without intermission, the heat and burden of the day under the desert sun. During this period he took part in no less than five distinct campaigns, ranging from the Soudan Expedition of 1884 to the Nile Expedition of 1898.

On first joining the Army, in 1874, General Hunter was appointed to the Royal Lancaster Regiment, and eleven years later became a Brevet-Major therein. This promotion was specially accorded him for his services in the Soudan Expedition that was in progress at the time. About twelve months before this date, he had—following the example of many keen soldiers—applied for employment with the Egyptian Army. His application being granted, he now practically said good-bye to his former regiment, and devoted himself instead to the military methods of the "Gippies."

Taking to fighting as a duck does to water, the new recruit to the forces of the then Sirdar (Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C.) commenced an almost unbroken period of five years' campaigning. During this, he was repeatedly "mentioned in despatches" for his intrepid conduct when under fire, and for his gallantry at the battle of Giniss (where he was

severely wounded) he was awarded the decoration of the Distinguished Service Order. In 1892, when affairs had settled down a little, he was appointed Governor of the Red Sea Littoral and Commandant at Suakin. On giving up this post, in 1894, he was successively selected for the Governorships of the Egyptian Frontier and the Dongola Province. This last position he relinquished only in April of the present year, in order to enable him to go to India, in command of a district there.

As, in connection with his Dongola post, he also held that of Commandant of the Egyptian Field Force, General Hunter was enabled to take an active part in Lord Kitchener's memorable campaign of 1898. During its earlier stages, he was at the head of a Division of the Native Army, but when the Battle of Khartoum was fought he commanded the British Infantry. The eminently successful manner in which he led them on this occasion needs no recapitulation here. For his distinguished services he received the rare honour of being thanked by both Houses of Parliament, and was further awarded the privilege of writing K.C.B. after his name.

When, a couple of months ago, General White learned that he was to proceed on service to South Africa, one of the first requests that he made was that Sir Archibald Hunter should accompany him as his Chief of Staff. The appointment being approved of, General Hunter was

communicated with in India, by cable, and instructed to start immediately for Natal. On arriving there, about the end of last October, he joined Sir George and took up his post. This is one of the highest importance, as upon its holder devolves the task of acting as technical adviser to the officer in command of the forces, and of becoming responsible for the conduct of the operations in his absence. Its occupancy therefore entails not only great military knowledge, but also a considerable amount of that rarer quality—tact.

Fortunately, Sir Archibald Hunter has both of these necessities in abundance. That he has also that of personal valour has just received a fresh proof from his leadership of the recent sortie upon "Gun Hill." The whole incident, in fact, is worthy of being placed side by side with

any one of the many gallant deeds of our troops that the progress of the present Transvaal Campaign has as yet brought to light. Briefly put, the story is as follows—

On the night of the 8th inst., Sir George White, in consultation with General Hunter, decided upon an assault (under cover of night) upon a Boer battery that had been inflicting severe damage upon his camp. This was erected on a piece of rising ground known as "Gun Hill," and directly commanded Ladysmith. The enterprise was accordingly beset with both difficulty and dangers, and the troops entrusted with its execution consequently carried their lives in their hands. It is all the more praiseworthy, therefore, to find that the gallant men who followed General Hunter on this occasion were members of several Volunteer corps, including the Imperial Light Horse and the Natal Carabiniers.

At nine o'clock at night, the little force, numbering but some 600 in all, set out upon their desperate mission. Shortly after daybreak, the base of the hill was reached, and silently and steadily the ascent was commenced. Suddenly, a challenge from a Boer sentry rang out upon the night-air. By way of reply, the assaulting-party fired a volley. The enemy, now realising the danger to which they were exposed, instantly replied, and poured a hail of bullets over the British troops as they pressed forward from crag to crag. Undaunted, however, by the fusillade to which they were exposed, Hunter's men

formed into line as steadily as if they were on parade, and gallantly charged the battery, driving the enemy headlong before them. The *Standard* Correspondent said that only four men had fixed bayonets, and the Boers fled, fearing the cold steel. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that the Boer Commander-in-Chief, when speaking of the loss of this position (for which two of his officers are to be court-martialled) paid a high tribute to the valour of the troops who captured it. On Dec. 10, Lieut.-Colonel Metcalfe made a night sortie, and destroyed the howitzer on "Surprise Hill," but the British force had to fight its way through a thick muster of Boers with the bayonet on the return march to Ladysmith.

Captain Josecline Bagot, M.P., who left England recently for South Africa with another Parliamentary colleague (Lord Henry Bentinck) for service with the Red Cross Brigade, was Aide-de-Camp to two Governors-General of Canada (the Marquis of Lorne, M.P., and Lord Stanley of Preston, now the Earl of Derby), a position which was also held by his grandfather, the late Right Hon. Sir Charles Bagot, G.C.B. The honourable and gallant Member is a keen participator in all debates affecting the Service which take place in the House of Commons.



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR A. HUNTER, HERO OF THE LADYSMITH SORTIE.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

A GREAT TACTICIAN.

While the methods in vogue, in a general way, among the leaders of "the little British Army" of manœuvring troops in the field may not commend themselves very favourably to other nations, a decided exception must be made in the case of Major-General Sir Cornelius Francis Clery, K.C.B. This is owing to the fact that this officer's "Minor Tactics" is regarded as a standard work in Service circles all over the Continent. Indeed, without a thorough knowledge of the precepts laid down therein, it is not too much to say that, by all the great Military Powers of Europe, no officer's knowledge is considered to be in any way really complete. Even in Germany—that home of tacticians—this English soldier's treatise is still attentively studied.

Sir C. F. Clery, K.C.B., the author of the volume in question, is an officer of the rank of Major-General in the British Army. Since joining the Service (now nearly two-and-forty years ago) he has been actively employed both on the Staff and in the field almost without intermission. As he was also for some years, at the commencement of his career, a "regimental" officer (that is, one who performs duty with a battalion

Colonel Clery, C.B., and the possessor of a war-medal with two clasps and the Khedivial bronze star.

As a tactician, General Clery made his mark almost from the commencement of his professional career. Forty years ago it was not the fashion for subalterns to betray any great familiarity with drill. The newly joined Ensign of the 32nd Foot, however, proved himself superior to custom, and by the time he had completed three years' service had shown himself to be so thoroughly qualified for the appointment that he was made Adjutant of his regiment. In 1871 he was appointed Instructor, and in the following year Professor, of Tactics at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. Here he remained for three years, during which period he was busily occupied in imparting the elements of his favourite science to the embryo Wellingtons under his charge.

A tour of Staff duty, in various capacities, at Dublin and Aldershot now followed. Then came the period of active service in Egypt already referred to. On his return to England (about the commencement of 1888) Colonel Clery was unemployed for a few months. Before the end of the year, however, he was specially selected for the responsible position of Commandant of the Staff College, Camberley. He held this post for the full term of five years, and during his tenure of it brought



Captain Schofield.

Major-General Clery.

MAJOR-GENERAL CLERY, COMMANDING THE SECOND DIVISION OF THE FIRST ARMY CORPS AT LADYSMITH, AND CAPTAIN SCHOFIELD, A.D.C. TO GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES KNIGHT, ALDERSHOT.

in barracks and in camp), it follows that his all-round experience has been of a comprehensive and valuable nature.

In 1879 the outbreak of the Zulu War of that year gave him the opportunity of receiving his baptism of fire. Accompanying his regiment (the old 32nd Foot, the present 1st Battalion the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry) to South Africa, he served through the whole of the campaign, and was present at the battles of Ulundi and Isandhlwana. On these occasions he distinguished himself so conspicuously that he was twice "mentioned in despatches." His services were also further acknowledged by the conferring upon him, on the conclusion of hostilities, of the brevet rank of Lieut.-Colonel.

His next taste of warfare was gained in the Soudan, and, as an Assistant-Adjutant-General on the Staff, he took part in the campaign of 1884-1885. During the second year's operations (known as the Nile Expedition) he officiated as Deputy-Adjutant and Quartermaster-General. Among the engagements in which he was present while holding these different appointments were the hotly contested ones of Teb and Tamai. As, from his earliest soldiering days, Clery had a way of doing things remarkably well, it is not surprising to find that while in Egypt, as in Zululand, he acquitted himself with remarkable distinction. Fortunately, military merit, despite all that has been said to the contrary, is always recognised in our Service, and thus, when peace was at length restored, the hard-working Staff-officer became

the institution over which he presided to a state of efficiency that has never been subsequently excelled.

In January 1895, Clery (now a Major-General) was appointed to the command of an Infantry Brigade at Aldershot, and about twelve months afterwards was transferred to the War Office, as Deputy-Adjutant-General to the Forces. This post he has now temporarily vacated in order to see active service again, and at the present moment he is making history in South Africa as Chief of the Ladysmith Relief Expedition.

In times of peace the malingering is by no means unknown in the Army, especially when a regiment is ordered on foreign service, and many and ingenious are the devices resorted to by the recalcitrant "Tommy." Now, however, the reverse is the case, and a fair-sized regiment might be formed of deserters who have voluntarily given themselves up. The latest case—or cases—comes from Aberdeen, where two deserters from a Highland regiment and a Horse Artilleryman surrendered themselves. It is said that the men had deserted in disgust because they were not ordered to "the front," but had taken fresh heart on finding that additional Highland regiments were likely to be ordered out. There is an element of humour in the idea of a Horse Artilleryman in the kilt and bonnet, though at Vimiera captured French guns were brought off the field by kilted Highlanders mounted as drivers.

ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS.

The 1st Battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, which fought so gallantly and lost so heavily at Modder River, is the old 91st (Princess Louise's Argyllshire) Highlanders. The battalion has seen more South African service than probably any other regiment in the Queen's Army. Raised in 1794 as a kilted regiment, with the Campbell tartan, its first war-service, as the 98th, was in the capture of Cape Town a year or so later, when it had assumed the dress of an ordinary regiment of the Line. Eight years later, on its return home, the "national

the *Birkenhead* transport when it sank while on the voyage to South Africa in 1852. Previously, however, the 91st had added "South Africa, 1846-7," to the colours, to be supplemented later on by "1851-2-3," and, as a tressed Highland battalion, with strong drafts of volunteers from English regiments, it took part in the Zulu War in 1879.

Strangely enough, its present 2nd Battalion's first war-service was also at the Cape, and the first "honour" of the regiment, "Cape of Good Hope, 1806," was the result. The 2nd Battalion is, of course, the famous 93rd Sutherland Highlanders—the "thin red line" of Balaklava days—its gallant conduct in that battle gaining the regiment the unique



IMPERIAL LIGHT HORSE: PICKET LINES.



IMPERIAL LIGHT HORSE: PICKET LINES.



NATIVE WOMAN WITH PARASOL.



NATIVE WOMEN HAVING A GOSSIP.



IMPERIAL LIGHT HORSE DRAWING WATER ON OCT. 16 BEFORE GOING TO THE FRONT.



GROUP OF CORRESPONDENTS, WITH COL. RHODES AND LORD AVA. COL. RHODES IN THE BACK ROW, THIRD FROM THE RIGHT.

WAR SNAPSHOTS AT LADYSMITH BY H. H. S. PEARSE, "DAILY NEWS" SPECIAL.

costume" was partially resumed, but with tartan trows instead of the kilt. During this voyage one of the heirlooms of the regiment was acquired, for a narwhal charged the ship, leaving its bony snout in the transport's side, and this was converted into a Drum-Major's staff, afterwards to be decorated with gold plates bearing the names of the regiment's Peninsular battles.

A 2nd Battalion of the regiment had a brief existence, during which it fought at Bergen-op-Zoom, but it was the old 91st that fought at Corunna, and gained nine Peninsular "honours" for the colours. Later on, it once more adopted the Line uniform, only, however, to again become a tressed Highland regiment. A detachment of the 91st was among those soldiers who, drawn up in line, stood at the salute on board

distinction of all infantry corps of having "Balaklava" emblazoned on the colours. Both battalions are now kilted, and wear the Sutherland tartan, their full title being "The Princess Louise's Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders." The regiment's badges and mottoes are more numerous and peculiar than those of any other corps (excluding the Foot Guards) in the Service, for, besides the coronet and cipher of the Princess Louise, a Boar's Head (the Campbell crest) in a myrtle wreath, and a Cat (the Sutherland crest) in a wreath of "Butcher's broom," are borne on the appointments, with the respective legends "Ne obliviscaris" and "Sans peur." The Argyll and Sutherlands will certainly "never forget" their past history, and that they are "without fear" Modder River conclusively proved.

"DESTINATION, PRETORIA!"

It is excessively doubtful if a fraction of those—being non-military members of the community—who of late have been talking so glibly of the siege-train that is at present on its way to South Africa, and what it is going to do there, have the remotest idea what a siege-train may be. A question or two on the subject will usually reveal the fact that they are under the impression that it is a term applied to a railway-train that happens to be conveying troops to a besieged position. This, it need scarcely be insisted upon here, is not altogether the case, for there is no more connection between the two than there is between a bombardier and a bomb-shell.

At the same time, it would, perhaps, be as well to explain exactly what a siege-train is, and to say something about the uses to which it is put in warfare. To begin with, then, the technical description of this "article-of-war" is "a combination of any number of units of heavy, medium, or light ordnance, according to the requirements of the service." As a rule, each of the units included in an artillery force of this nature consists of sixteen pieces. Ammunition, to the extent of five hundred rounds per gun, and stores in proportion, with the proper complement of officers and men, must also accompany the train before it can be considered to be in an efficient condition.

With regard to the siege-train quite recently mobilised at Devonport—and the armament of which was shipped on the 4th inst.—

arms, for the destruction of the enemy's forces rather than of its positions. This is chiefly because their guns are too light to be effectively employed for any other purpose. With regard to the siege-train that has just been described, its ultimate destination is Pretoria. Here, unless Mr. Kruger makes acceptable overtures for peace beforehand, it will be utilised in wrecking the fortifications sufficiently to permit of an assault on the town by General Buller's infantry. When this takes place, the war may be regarded as being practically at an end.

Previous to the present occasion, it has only once happened that England has used a siege-train of any size in the field. This was during the Crimean Campaign, when one was employed for the bombardment of Sevastopol. It is true that in the Afghan War of 1879 a train was mobilised, but it was never made use of in action. Naturally, the Royal Garrison Artillery, who would have accompanied it, were considerably disappointed on this account, as they have so few opportunities of seeing service. They are pretty certain, however, to be accommodated to their heart's content in South Africa.

THE CANADIANS AND THEIR COMMANDER.

The Canadian regiment for South Africa has gone to the front, and by this time may have come in contact with the enemy. Besides being composed of men of exceptionally fine physique, the Canadians are fortunate in their commander, for Lieut.-Colonel W. D. Otter,



MEN WHO WILL WORK THE SIEGE-TRAIN AGAINST THE BOERS: HOWITZER GUN COMPANIES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN CRIBB, SOUTHSEA.

the following particulars should prove of interest: The guns which are being taken out with it are of the howitzer pattern, and are thirty-eight in number. This total is made up of fourteen 6-inch, eight 5-inch, eight 4.7-inch, and eight 4-inch ones. All these weapons are breech-loading, and can throw either lyddite or ordinary shells. The largest of these guns has a range of 10,000 yards, while that of the next one is 1000 yards less; the 4.7-inch and 4-inch pieces are not quite so powerful. As to the shells that they fire, the 6-inch weapon throws one of 118 lb., and the 5-inch weapon throws a 50-lb. one.

Having described the *matériel* of the train, the *personnel* next demands attention. This consists of 32 officers and 1104 non-commissioned officers and men. All these are furnished by the Royal Garrison Artillery, and are specialists in the use of howitzer batteries. The training of these men is of an exceptionally advanced description, and is carried out at Lydd Camp, in Kent. Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Perrott, R.G.A., who commands the force, is an officer of twenty-nine years' service. He is a highly qualified artillerist, and by his brother gunners is popularly supposed to know everything about this arm that is worth knowing. Last year he was appointed Chief Instructor at the Royal Repository. He left Southampton on Dec. 9, with 19 officers, 473 men, and some few Royal Engineers, for South Africa on board the *Tantallon Castle*.

The *raison d'être* of a siege-train is to accomplish, by means of a systematic bombardment, the fall of a position that is too strongly fortified to yield to ordinary assaults. Batteries of Horse and Field Artillery, on the other hand, are used, with the co-operation of other

though a Colonial officer, has seen a good deal of active service. Although but fifty-six years old, Colonel Otter's military career has extended over a period of some thirty-five years, and as long ago as 1867 he was in action at Ridgeway during the Fenian troubles in Canada. In the suppression of the Railway Riots of a few years later he was also engaged, and in 1883 he joined the Canadian Regular Forces as Commandant of the School of Mounted Infantry at Toronto. In the North-West Rebellion, two years after, he commanded a column, and in the action at Cut-Knife Creek he was in command of the Canadian Forces, getting a "mention." Four years ago he came to England for a course of instruction in the three Arms of the Service, passed his examination for Lieutenant-Colonel, and, besides taking part in the Autumn Manœuvres of that year, also attended the German Manœuvres.

Colonel Otter was at one time in command of the Queen's Own Rifles of Toronto, the crack Volunteer regiment in the Dominion, and a corps second to none in the Empire for physique and general efficiency. One exploit of the "Queen's Own," some twenty years ago, must have been something of a record, for, leaving Toronto on a Thursday evening, they went by rail to Montreal, marched from the station to the parade-ground, won first prize for drill in competition with representatives of the picked corps of all Canada, and thence marched back to the station and entrained, arriving in Toronto on the Saturday afternoon, looking fit and smart, after their journey of some 750 miles, broken only by the few arduous hours they spent in Montreal. If I mistake not, Colonel Otter at that time was the Commander of the "Queen's Own."

THE SIEGE-TRAIN FOR THE FRONT.

From Photographs by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.



Major J. R. H. Allen. Lieut.-Col. T. Perrott (commanding).

LIEUT.-COLONEL T. PERROTT AND OFFICERS OF THE SIEGE-TRAIN, BOUND FOR SOUTH AFRICA ON BOARD THE "TANTALLON CASTLE."



Breech shut.

Breech open.

5-INCH HOWITZER GUNS FOR THE TRANSVAAL SIEGE-TRAIN. THEY FIRE A 50-LB. SHELL AND USE SMOKELESS POWDER.

THE FORBEARS OF LORD METHUEN.

According to the records of the family, the founder of the house whose scion has been distinguishing himself so greatly in South Africa during the past few weeks was one John Methven, of Bishop's Cannings, Wiltshire, and it was not until the next generation had arisen that the spelling was altered to its present form.

This first bearer of the name of whom anything authentic is known was a man who ably served his country in two distinct spheres, namely, the Law and Diplomacy. When in course of time he was succeeded by his son Paul, the family name was altered from Methven to Methuen. Like his father before him, the new head of the house also entered the Diplomatic service, and attained to high rank in it.

At the time of his death, which occurred in 1757, the next-of-kin was his cousin, Paul Methuen, of Corsham Court, Wiltshire. On the death, in 1816, of this Mr. Methuen, his son Paul became heir. Following in the footsteps of his father, he, too, entered actively into politics, and in 1838 was fortunate enough to have his services recognised by



JOHN METHVEN, FOUNDER OF THE HOUSE OF METHUEN.

From a Print published by W. Richardson, Castle Street, Leicester Fields

the conferring upon him of the title of Baron Methuen in the Peerage of the United Kingdom. He married Dorothea, eldest daughter of Sir H. P. St. John Mildmay, and, dying in 1849 (pre-deceased by his eldest son), was succeeded by his second son, Frederick.

This, the second Baron Methuen, born in 1818, seems to have been the first of his race to be associated with the Army. As Honorary Colonel in the 3rd (Militia) Battalion the Wiltshire Regiment, he bore the Queen's commission for some months. He had a family of three sons and six daughters. The eldest of these sons, Paul Sanford, the present Lord Methuen, was born in 1845, and succeeded his father in 1891. Educated at Eton, he joined the Scots Guards at the age of nineteen, and became "Captain and Lieut.-Colonel" in his regiment on July 15, 1876. His present rank of Lieut.-General came to him in April of last year.

Although a Guardsman, and thus a member of a regiment that was permanently quartered in the United Kingdom, the young officer saw a great deal of fighting while still in the junior ranks. This has included the Ashanti Expedition of 1873 (where he received his baptism of fire), the Egyptian War of 1882, the Bechuanaland Expedition of 1884, and the Tirah Campaign of 1897. For his services on these various occasions he wears two rows of decorations across his chest. Next year these outward and visible signs of his numerous appearances in "the far-flung battle-line" will, of course, be added to by the inclusion among them of the medal that he is so gallantly earning at the present moment.

Lord Methuen has been twice married, his first wife being Evelyn, daughter of Sir Frederick Hervey-Bathurst. She died, however, in 1879—just twelve months after their union. In 1884 his second marriage took place. This was with Mary, daughter of Mr. William Sanford, of Nynehead Court, and a connection of his own. His family consists of three sons and two daughters, the eldest boy, born in 1886, bearing the family name of Paul. In the rare intervals of actively serving his country in the tented field, Lord Methuen cultivates the arts of peace and leads the life of a country gentleman at Corsham Court, Wiltshire. He has a town house at 32, Cadogan Square.

THE REV W. H. FITCHETT, LL.D.

A PATRIOTIC HISTORIAN.

The dominant chord of Imperialism which the Rev. W. H. Fitchett struck in his now well-known book, "Deeds that Won the Empire," and maintained in "Fights for the Flag," is continued in the last work which, so far, has appeared from his pen, Vol. I. of

"HOW ENGLAND SAVED EUROPE."

Those who are acquainted with his earlier work will find in this example of his genius the same vivid word-picturing capacity, the same vivid descriptive ability, and the same vivid character-drawing which enable him to excite the imagination and to send a thrill through the blood which tingles with emotion at the mere recital of deeds which have made the Empire what it is.

Among those who have done noble work for their country—and in this case the word "country" extends north and south and east and west, embracing the lands over which the flag of Britain flies—the name of this Imperial clergyman must be given a high place. His every thought is opposed to anything in the nature of the Little Englander, and is inspired with the idea of the Greater Britain, and that to such an extent that he inspires his readers to go and do likewise as he recounts some deed of derring-do which has helped to make the fame of Englishmen as fighters through the whole wide world.

Traditions are great things to live up to, for they foster, as nothing else can, that sense of *noblesse oblige* which is as potent a force in the life of the nation as in the life of the individual. Such books as Mr. Fitchett's are

THE MAKERS OF ENGLISHMEN IN THE HIGHEST SENSE OF THE TERM, for they must stimulate the rising generation to admire the feats of their ancestors, and, admiring, induce them to become patriotic citizens themselves, holding their all as nothing when weighed against the needs of their country. Perhaps the masterpiece of character-drawing in the first volume of "How England Saved Europe" is

NAPOLEON,

from the moment when he appears, strikingly described, on the scene, "a moody, unsociable, olive-tinted Captain of Artillery, half-Corsican, half-Frenchman, not yet twenty-five years old, and wholly unknown"; Napoleon, the failure as author, politician, soldier, who was to find his chance at the very moment when his path crossed Nelson's, with whose character his was as the Antipodes.

To the Antipodes, but only in a material and not a figurative sense, the Rev. W. H. Fitchett belongs. There is, however, a touch of pride in the thought that work which is so essentially of the Motherland belongs by right of birth to the Motherland. Although, by reason of his long residence in Victoria, whither his father migrated when his son was but a few years old, Mr. Fitchett may rank as a brilliant Colonial, he was born in Lincolnshire.

BY BIRTH AN ENGLISHMAN,

by education and surroundings a Colonial, by sympathy a Son of the Empire, he brought peculiar qualifications for his work, which, as is so often the case, Chance, whose sister is Opportunity, gave to his hand to do.

Not content with being a Wesleyan Methodist minister and head of the Ladies' Methodist College in Melbourne, he engaged in journalism, writing leading articles for the Melbourne *Daily Argus* and editing the *Southern Cross*, the greatest religious paper "down under," as well as the *Australian Review of Reviews*. At one time, indeed, he even edited a daily paper, which, in its original form at all events, does not now exist.

In Australia, history does not find a part in the usual curriculum of the schools, and during the year of the Jubilee, when the thoughts of the nation were directed to the uttermost bounds of the Empire, it occurred to Admiral Bridge that a series of articles on the great exploits of the Army and Navy would do much to fan the fire of patriotism and inculcate the desire for greater knowledge of the historical prestige of the British Forces in the youth of Australasia. He suggested the idea to the Editor of the *Argus*, and the Editor of the *Argus* commissioned Mr. Fitchett to write the series, which had an instant success. They were signed "Vedette," and nobody knew or guessed the identity of the writer, who sent copies, when they were reprinted in book-form, to the Editor of the *Times* and the *Spectator*. The *Spectator* declared that a man had arisen who could write battle-pictures and history of this kind better than anyone since Macaulay. Publishers wrote to Australia to find out who "Vedette" was, and to get the privilege of issuing the book in England.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER, AND CO.

finally became the publishers, and it was at their request that Mr. Fitchett undertook the writing of "The Twenty Years' War," which was to have been in two volumes, but, when finished, was found to contain matter enough for three. The question was whether to cut it down into two or to adopt the publisher's advice and write a fourth. The latter course was adopted, to the great advantage of the people who admire a vivid, life-like, dramatic portrayal of events. Mr. Fitchett has a fine journalistic instinct combined with a literary style, and the two placed him at one bound in the front rank of the literary men of the day. It is with sincere pleasure I print a page-portrait with this Appreciation of the Rev. W. H. Fitchett.



THE REV. W. H. FITCHETT, LL.D.,

AUTHOR OF "DEEDS THAT WON THE EMPIRE," "FIGHTS FOR THE FLAG," AND THE NEW PATRIOTIC WORK, "HOW ENGLAND SAVED EUROPE."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BAKER STREET, W.

VIEWS OF KIMBERLEY.

From Photographs by Hancox, Kimberley.

Many anxious eyes are just now turned upon the great "Diamond City." Cut off from railway and telegraphic communication with the outside world, it offers a very tempting bait to the Boers, and not the less so seeing that their hated enemy, Rhodes, is domiciled there.

of corrugated iron. There is scarcely a tree or a green thing in the place. It is all dust and sand, as flat as a pancake, without a hill in sight. Consequently, nearly everyone rides a bicycle. That is really all that is to be said about the town itself.



KIMBERLEY: A VIEW OF THE MINES.



KIMBERLEY: A SHAFT-HEAD.

An interesting letter from a recent visitor to Kimberley has just been sent me by a correspondent, and I venture to extract a few items of interest—

"The Central Hotel, the best in Kimberley, is a ramshackle place, built chiefly of corrugated iron, and not in the least adapted to the climate—none of the houses or offices seem to be. It is in the principal street—Du Toit's Pan Road—and we found a good many people staying there. After much-needed baths and breakfast, we went out to see the town, which doesn't require much description. It is a pretty big place, of course, but every building, with a few exceptions, is of corrugated iron, and few are more than one storey high. Even the churches are

"In the sun it must have been at least 140 degrees. During the evening, we looked in at the theatre, built by Rhodes. It is really a very pretty little building, and far ahead of the town. Even there it was too hot to stay long. Everyone in Kimberley gets up early. The daily routine for most men there seemed to me to be—rise at six, coffee, walk down the street, whisky at the bar, and at intervals of twenty minutes throughout the day whisky at the bar. The place is fearful, in the way of drink, and really I don't wonder. I found we were perpetually thirsty. The great mistake in such a climate is to drink spirits, and yet everyone there seems to make that mistake. For all that, one doesn't see much actual drunkenness in the 'Diamond City.'"



KIMBERLEY OF TO-DAY.

MRS. ALICE SHAW AND HER DAUGHTERS TWIN AND TWIN.

Mrs. Alice Shaw, "la Belle Siffleuse," is back again in town, and is accompanied by her charming twin-daughters, Elsie May and Ethel Louise, girls just merging into full womanhood and possessed of the same gift of melodious whistling. But Mrs. Shaw had not intended delighting London again with her artistic music until the spring. It was

accompaniments to the liquid trills, shakes, and cadences of Delibes' and Gounod's music, and those other examples of a melodiously florid repertory which are eminently suited to Mrs. Shaw's inimitable execution.

Those who have met Mrs. Alice Shaw in her own drawing-room will fully understand the interest she can inspire by her graphic narrative of her experiences, told with a piquant accent and a fascinating smile.

"Men, dogs, and dust" just sums up my idea of Johannesburg," she remarks. "I



MISS ELSIE MAY SHAW.
Photo by Peters, Cape Town.



MRS. ALICE SHAW.
Photo by Marceau, Los Angeles.

President Kruger's rebellious action which necessitated her departure from the Transvaal, and she and her daughters were the last of the ladies to leave the Hôtel Victoria in Johannesburg. Subsequently, for a while, the concert- and music-halls of Cape Colony and of Natal were crammed whenever she appeared on a sort of holiday tour; but at last the din of war and clamour of arms were felt to be no fit



MISS ETHEL LOUISE SHAW.
Photo by Peters, Cape Town.



ARUM LILIES (SOUTH AFRICAN WEEDS).
Photo by Brodie (late Wilson), Aberdeen.

never saw so many beards in all my life before, and as for dust—why, it's all mines for fifty miles round Johannesburg, and when a wind rises I guess all those mines get a bit mixed! In my clothes I held shares in far more mines than are quoted on 'Change. No, I shan't forget Johannesburg, especially its extortionate prices and its hard beds. Did I meet President Kruger? Why, certainly; and Mrs. Kruger—a lady looking like a pillow tied in the middle. Oh yes, very homely people, and fairly clean—of course, we drank the inevitable coffee together—but really most uninteresting people. Now, Judge Kock, and his son, General Kock—both of whom have fallen victims to the war—were really intellectual and refined gentlemen, quite fit for good society. I think you would have laughed, as others did, at the appointments of my room in Johannesburg. I draped my portrait over the mantelpiece with the Transvaal flag—for when you are in Rome, you may as well eat Roman candles—then on either side there were the American Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack. Say, was I not well protected? But look at this letter, dated Oct. 31, from a friend in Cape Colony who had fled from Johannesburg. You see she says that the Boers had cut off the water from all those who remained in Johannesburg, and from those working in the mines, where they were imprisoned, though luckily provisioned for a year against eventualities; while she states that most of the principal buildings and offices, especially Eckstein's, had been burnt to the ground. However, I had a good time for eight weeks in Kimberley, Durban, and Cape Town. What struck me especially was the wealth of flowers round Cape Town, particularly the fields of Arum Lilies; but, alas, all flowers are devoid of perfume in Cape Colony!"

Then Mrs. Alice Shaw touched on the welcome she had received on her return to London, and how heartily she and her daughters had given their services at Mrs. Brown-Potter's "Thé" at Claridge's, and at the function organised by the Duchess of Marlborough at Brighton, among other great Society gatherings for charitable purposes. This sympathy of hers appears all the more real when you hear that Mrs. Alice Shaw and her twin piping daughters have come to London to make a permanent stay.

T. H. L.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The *Academy's* lists of favourite books of 1899 are more interesting than usual. Some of the writers volunteer little bits of autobiography. Mr. W. W. Jacobs has read only one new book this year; Mr. Robert Hichens has read very few; Mr. John Hollingshead has read none; Mr. Shorthouse has read two. This suggests another kind of symposium. People should be asked to say how many new books they have read in a year.

Coming to actual lists, I find that of Mr. Thomas Hardy by far the most interesting. Mr. Hardy puts first the Letters of Robert and Mrs. Browning, and second Yeats' "Wind Among the Reeds." The fact that Mr. Hardy selects Mr. Yeats confirms my deep impression that Mr. Hardy is himself a great poet. He is perhaps too late to master the technique perfectly, and yet one of his war-poems at least was absolutely right in that respect as well as in all others.

Dr. Stubbs, the Bishop of Oxford, names "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," but, if I remember rightly, this is not a book of this year.

Curious in every way is the fact that Sir Francis Jeune and Lady Jeune both put first the Duchess of Sutherland's "One Hour and the Next." No other voter mentions the book, and the only reference to "The Fowler" is made by Miss Braddon.

The publication of the *Badminton Magazine* has been transferred from Messrs. Longmans to Mr. Heinemann. No magazine started with better prospects than the *Badminton*, but for some reason which it is difficult to discover it has never caught on as it should have done. The new series will apparently be popularised, but what is wanted is a magazine of general interest with just a sufficient leaven of sport to make sportsmen give it the preference.

I hear that, in connection with the approaching French Exhibition, a large number of English translations of French novels unexpurgated are being prepared and will be sold in Paris, a good demand being expected from English and American visitors.

It is not true that Mr. Barrie is preparing a new play, "Two Kinds of Women." The play was written long ago, and was accepted nearly four years since by Mr. Frohman in New York. It is written so little, however, in accordance with the accepted conventions of the popular taste, that managers have been afraid to produce it, and, if Mr. George Alexander is prepared to make a trial, so much the better.

The upsets in editorial offices are becoming more and more numerous. Even the *Guardian*, the staidest and soberest of papers, has got rid of its experienced editor, Mr. Lathbury, apparently on the ground of difference of opinion between the proprietors and the editor as to the weight to be attached to the Archbishops' judgment. The incident is in many ways exceedingly suggestive. It will be remembered that the price of the *Guardian* was reduced some time ago from sixpence to threepence.

"Recollections" and "Reminiscences" are still appearing in quite exceptional numbers for the time of year. Publishers have apparently no fear that either the war or the Christmas season will injure this class

of literature. At Mr. Mudie's counter, the other morning, I asked for two of the very newest publications, and the volumes handed to me—they had just arrived from the publishers—were Mr. Arthur William A'Beckett's "London at the End of the Century" (Hurst and Blackett) and Mr. Frederic Harrison's "Literary Estimates" (Macmillan). The simple *naïveté* of the former makes it delightful reading. "I can scarcely claim for my work that it is very deep," says Mr. A'Beckett in the preface; but, deep or shallow, it is thoroughly amusing. I like especially the brief notes on newspapers. The author claims that his father was the only man who ever wrote the entire series of leaders in one morning issue of the *Times*. To the *Morning Post* belongs the credit of bringing economy into fashion among "the Upper Ten Thousand." "Two or three decades ago, a duke, much less a duchess, would never have thought of riding in an omnibus. At the present time some of the 'buses have the most distinguished *clientèle*." "Which, which?" I ask as a humble passenger. Not the 'bus to the Angel, Islington, surely, or to the Nag's Head, Holloway; not the white 'bus that plies to Putney, or the green ones whose resting-place is Shepherd's Bush and Ealing? We know these 'buses, we know the dukes and duchesses by sight; but never once have we seen them responding to the cry of "Penny all the way to the Bank."

There is a curious description of a visit paid by Mr. A'Beckett to the Metropolitan Tabernacle a few months before Mr. Spurgeon was laid aside with his fatal illness. By some error, he and his friend (a High Church clergyman) entered by the private door reserved for pastors. Their names were taken in to Mr. Spurgeon, who came out and gave them a hearty welcome. The Ritualist and the contributor to *Punch* soon found themselves seated on a sofa in the pulpit. "A gentleman was reading out the verse of a hymn, and, when he had finished, he turned round to us and courteously invited us to lead the singing." There must surely be some mistake here, unless the name A'Beckett suggested to one of the deacons that the journalist was a professional musician. "The congregation, which numbered some thousands, managed to get on very comfortably without our assistance." At the close, they had a pleasant talk with Mr. Spurgeon.

Mr. A'Beckett takes a rosy view of the position and prospects of journalists. "Forty or fifty years ago, the saying went that journalism was good for a walking-stick, but not for a crutch. A man was a barrister first, and a journalist afterwards. Leader-writing and reviewing paid the rent of chambers, while Briefless was waiting to prove his surname to be a misnomer." Nowadays, barristers who have drifted into journalism have no need to seek for clients among solicitors. "I cannot refrain from expressing my delight that my father was a journalist, and that I have followed the same calling. There is nothing in the condition of London journalism at the close of the century which stultifies the time-honoured title of 'Gentlemen of the Press.'"

Mr. Frederic Harrison's "Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill, and other Literary Estimates" is described by the author as "a series of systematic estimates of some leading influences on the thought of our time." "Systematic estimates," like "systematic shopping," belongs to the class of phrases that make one tired. Most of the essays have appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, *Contemporary Review*, and *Forum*; one is reprinted from the *Daily Chronicle*. Perhaps the best is the chapter on Tennyson. Mr. Harrison's criticisms sometimes read a little oddly. Take this sentence, for instance: "But then, in the midst of so much realism, the Knights, from Arthur downwards, talk and act in ways with which we are familiar in modern ethical and psychological novels, but which are as impossible in real mediæval knights as a Bengal tiger or a Polar bear would be in a drawing-room." I doubt if Mr. Harrison is exactly the man to tell us what was possible or impossible with "real mediæval knights." He would probably keep as far away from such warriors as from Bengal tigers and Polar bears. o. o.

"SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS."

To tell the story of a painter's life by means of his pictures sounds attractive, but, unfortunately, many attempts in this line have proved hopeless failures. Luckily, these have not discouraged Mr. Baldry, and the result is an attractive volume, with nearly a hundred successful reproductions of Sir John Millais' characteristic works (Bell). For some unexplained reason, Mr. Baldry does not think it necessary to arrange the pictures in the order they were painted, so that the reader is sometimes rudely disturbed in his attempt to solve the problem of Millais' variety and apparent inconstancy to any one style. These qualities, we all admit, constitute one of his best claims to fame, but, to appreciate them fully, we must be able to trace the evolution of each successive style. We are grateful, too, to Mr. Baldry for having brought together so many examples of Millais' skill as an illustrator—for the most part buried in back-numbers of magazines and periodicals. The drawings in Moxon's edition (1857) of Tennyson's poems might, one thinks, have been drawn on more freely with great advantage, as the period coincided with one of the most important turning-points in Millais' career. Putting aside these and some earlier work in black-and-white, one cannot help feeling, in looking through this volume, that, in proportion as Millais drew away from the influence of his early companions, his painting lost much of its dramatic sentiment, and at the same time acquired a fuller technique. If towards the close of his life he seemed to wish to revert to his earlier intentions—as, for example, in the "St. Stephen" (1895) and "A Forerunner" (1896)—one feels that the effect was only partially successful, and for that reason all the more painfully meritorious.

"A ROYAL FAMILY," AT THE COURT THEATRE

From Photographs by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



MISS ADA BRANSON AS QUEEN MARGARET.



MR. ERIC LEWIS AS LOUIS VII.



MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT AS THE PRINCESS ANGELA WITH HER DOG SOCRATES.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

CAUGHT ON THE REBOUND.

BY ALICE MARIAN BLAKE.

"Satan always finds some mischief for idle hands to do," remarked Major Travers, who sat lolling in the garden of a much-frequented Biarritz hotel. His companion, a man his junior by some years, turned sharply, saying, "What do you mean by that?" Travers pointed his cigarette to a couple on bicycles disappearing out of the hotel gates. A "couple" somehow usually means a "he" and "she"; and it was so in this case—a good-looking "he," also a soldier; a "she" more the owner of a personal charm and attraction than of strict good looks. Perhaps such a possession is a doubtful blessing, for certainly it is the cause of many a tortured heart, though, on the other hand, if used aright, this magnetic power, such as Gladys Ronald held, may sway many a man towards the narrow way. Looking after these two, the younger man retorted, "That's rather a sweeping assertion. Which of them do you mean is bent on mischief?"

"Kennedy, of course! Fancy asking! I should have thought you wide awake enough to see that, Ronald."

"But, my dear chap, I imagined he was such a chum of yours."

"Of course, so he is; and for that very reason I know his weak points. Kennedy is as good a fellow as ever breathed, but when a woman comes across his path at all attractive, he can't leave her in peace, and, unfortunately, with *him* she is a 'joy for ever' only till the mood is past, or another just a trifle more attractive comes along. In this case, the girl is your sister, and too good a sort to be played with."

Ronald slightly laughed. "Well," he said, "it's good of you bothering yourself in her behalf, but she is able to look after herself; and I fancy, from what I know of Gladys, she will be a fair match for Kennedy, and it'll be an even game between the two if there's any game at all"; and, throwing away his half-smoked cigar, he got up, stretching himself in the sunshine.

"As you will," said Travers, "but don't say I didn't warn you. I shall stroll as far as the lighthouse, to get an appetite for dinner. Feel inclined to come?"

During the past month at Biarritz, Ronald had taken a strong liking for this man, so did feel inclined to come, and off they went. Both men had come to Biarritz bent on the same errand, the lazy enjoyment of a few weeks. Travers, an Artillery Major home on leave from India, was one of those quiet, dependable men whom to know was to trust. There was a feeling of safety when in his vicinity, and he was appealed to by one and all for his advice, which was usually worth having. Ronald, an artist by profession, was simple and happy-go-lucky. Having been, for him, really very busy finishing and despatching his Academy pictures, he had come with his sister Gladys to the Sunny South for a real rest. These men had probably reached the lighthouse when sounds of laughter and chattering announced the return to the hotel of the "couple."

"It has been an ideal afternoon, weather, ride, and company included, Captain Kennedy," said the "she," jumping off her bicycle.

Kennedy bowed from the waist. "You do me honour, Miss Ronald; and, to judge from appearances, the ride has done you good, so perhaps you'll feel inclined to repeat the dose."

"Certainly! We'll make up a party and ride to Bayonne and drink chocolate!"

To a reader of character, a look in Kennedy's face seemed to show he thought a party of *two* would be sufficient; but he said nothing, and wheeled away the "bikes" to their resting-place, while Gladys ran in to dress for dinner. This was the first of many subsequent rides. Sometimes the two would go alone, more often a party was made up, but usually Kennedy managed to pretty well monopolise Gladys. Occasionally at the last moment she wouldn't go at all, making some trivial excuse. A call had to be made which she had forgotten, a letter to her dearest friend must be written, &c. Then the sun ceased to shine for Kennedy, and, to tell the truth, he was little else than a wet blanket on the expedition. On the whole, he had little to complain of; in fact, the two were so constantly together that Ronald felt bound one day to repeat to his sister Travers' warning about Kennedy, with a word of kind advice from himself. As time went on, Kennedy's relatives became impatient to see him, and he reluctantly decided to make a start for England. The last day inevitably arrived, and Gladys was strumming on the piano in the salon when in walked Paul.

"I've come for a good-bye chat, if you can spare me a few minutes."

"Say Au revoir, but not Good-bye," she replied in rather a flippant tone, letting her fingers drift into that very hackneyed song.

"But it *is* good-bye," said Kennedy; "and I must talk to you about it, for it's a very serious business."

"Oh, don't talk of disagreeable things! Life's too short. Do be your usual amusing self, and leave a good impression."

"I don't flatter myself, Miss Ronald, I shall leave any impression at all with you."

"What a poor opinion you have of me, Captain Kennedy!"

"I don't understand you—that's nearer the truth."

"Well, that doesn't surprise me, for constantly I don't understand myself. Take my advice and don't try; it's not worth the trouble," she returned, walking away from the piano and throwing herself into an arm-chair at the further end of the room.

"Can't you be serious for once, Miss Ronald?" inquired Paul.

"Most certainly I can," she replied. "I fancy that was what *you* found so difficult."

Paul shrugged his shoulders impatiently, though quickly pulling himself together and walking over towards Gladys' arm-chair.

"Then listen while I tell you that, if I was never in earnest before, I am this minute. I love you, and I've come to you now to ask you if you could ever return my love sufficiently to be my wife. This desire has grown stronger every day of my life near you, and I cannot leave to-night without your answer."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Gladys, getting up hurriedly and flinging open the window, as if breathing were almost impossible.

"This, surely, is no surprise to you?" he continued.

"Of course it is!" she replied. "I imagined you were simply playing a game, and I played up to you. Don't you think this *is* really the case, and you are mistaking your feelings?"

Paul ceased his walk up and down the room, and, standing in front of Gladys, said, "It is you who are mistaken this time, for there's no game on my part, and the happiness of an honest man depends on your answer."

Gladys leant back in her chair, and, closing her eyes, very softly, slowly, and a trifle sadly gave Paul his answer—

"You distress me intensely, Captain Kennedy. I regret more than I can say that there has been a one-sided game between you and me. I had no idea of anything beyond a pleasant friendship, and if it pains you to hear it, it pains me inexpressibly to have to tell you that my heart already belongs to a very dear friend in England. It's only a woman, but she and I are everything to each other, and at present I know no one who has, or could have, a greater claim on my love. Forgive my brusqueness, but this is the truth. I can only hope that you have mistaken a passing fancy for something far more serious."

There was silence for a second, or two—what an eternity it seemed!—before Paul's reply came—

"You've hit me uncommonly hard. It's not unusual nowadays for the men to be obliged to play second-fiddle to the women, but, by Jove! it's the first time I've had to take a back-seat to a woman in the art of love-making, and I shan't forget the experience in a hurry. Possibly *you* are making the mistake this time, taking a passing fancy for something far more serious, and perhaps one day you will realise that you have thrown away a man's true love for a woman's poor imitation!" and, dashing out of the room, he left her.

The following morning, Gladys betook herself to the garden, by the aid of the latest Tauchnitz to try and dispel the thoughts and memories that beset her of the past evening's interview. No easy matter she found it, and though after a long half-hour the pages of her book were still unturned, she would have passed but a poor examination on what she had appeared to read so intently. Presently, to her surprise, she was joined by Travers, who, "hoping he wasn't disturbing her," sat down beside her. Gladys had seen so little of this quiet, self-contained man that she almost felt uncomfortable at the idea of a *tête-à-tête*, especially as he and Kennedy were such friends. Also it had always seemed to her that Travers had avoided her society—she presumed, from personal feelings of dislike. Discarding preliminaries, the Major went slapdash to the root of the matter that was occupying his mind: Kennedy had confided in him his woes, and he really believed the fellow was seriously hard-hit. At last, he had found the right one—he had never seen him in such an agony of despair. Was Miss Ronald's answer final? Wouldn't she grant some sort of a reprieve? Was it really true she had no heart to give, and must he write confessing to his friend his powers of persuasion were useless, so that Kennedy must realise there was no hope, but stand the blow like a man and a soldier?

Gladys longed for a fairy-godmother who by one wave of the hand could transform her into the beautiful Princess adored by all and living happily ever after. But she faced the situation, repeating to the Major very much her conversation with Kennedy, adding most emphatically that, even had there not been the stumbling-block of the very dear friend, it would never have occurred to her to think of Paul in any but a purely friendly way. There was a strong touch of the woman in this madcap nature, especially noticeable in this interview; her remorse at the part she had unwittingly played, and her distress at the suffering caused to Kennedy, forcibly proving her capable of more than smiles, jests, and frivolous amusement, and Travers strode off to send his chum that bitter pill he must perforce swallow, telling himself the while that the dear friend in England was a deuced lucky woman to be loved as she was by such a one as Gladys Ronald.

She breathed more freely now the *tête-à-tête* was over. It wasn't nearly so bad as she had anticipated. One felt so curiously at one's ease with that grim, grey Major; and somehow she hadn't felt nearly so much the naughty child expecting to be whipped. In fact, when reviewing the talk, she fancied Travers was rather relieved she was *not* nor ever could be in love with Captain Kennedy. Possibly, he deemed her not nearly good enough for his friend, and, therefore, was thoroughly glad all was off.

The atmosphere cleared, the Ronald Kennedy episode died a natural death; and it wasn't without its benefits, for it had placed Lionel Travers and Gladys Ronald on a much more friendly footing than heretofore.



GARDENER (explaining away the new weather-cock): 'Tis only brother Jack, Sir; 'E feels more 'in simperfy wiv Tom Bowling, up there!

She found him, as her brother Tom had always said, far less solemn than appeared on the surface. Indeed, he was quite funny sometimes, and how charmingly he sketched! After all, it was quite true he always knew what others did not, and, from knowledge and experience, could invariably give information when it was required; and this, you know, was all very useful.

"English letters, Gladys, and one from Vi, so now your mind will be relieved. I'll return shortly to hear the news." And Tom went off, whistling, with a bundle of his own letters to look through. Returning half-an-hour later, he found Gladys still on the hall sofa, her letters open before her.

"Well, what news? Is Vi all right?"

"Wonderful news! And Vi is very much all right. Shall I read you her letter? It's worth hearing."

"Do," returned Tom; "I'm all attention."

"I know I am in your bad books for keeping you so long without a letter, so I had better make a clean breast of it as to the reason. I am only a woman, after all, and have fallen in love. What's more, I am engaged, and am to be married immediately. I suppose it was love at first sight on both sides. He is a Captain Kennedy, home from India, a brother of my hostess, Mrs. L'Estrange. Of course, staying in the house for three weeks, we've seen a lot of each other, faults and virtues included. Don't scold me, dear, for no one is infallible on this subject of matrimony, and it will make no difference in my love for you; and, could you see him and know him, I believe even *you* would fall a victim to his charms. By the way, he has been in Biarritz, so I must ask him if by any chance he met you. My happiness will only be complete by your congratulations, so don't keep me waiting, dear.—Your ever-loving Vi." Small world; but an amusing one, isn't it?" said Gladys, folding up the letter.

"Well, I'm blown!" was all the comment made by Tom.

"But there's no time to waste," continued Gladys. "Vi's happiness is waiting for me to complete it. It were a shame if I postponed so easy a task."

"What fools women are!" ejaculated Tom, looking after the departing Gladys. But who he meant *was* the fool only he himself knew.

It was Gladys' birthday, and there had been a picnic in her honour. Tom and Travers had arranged it, and spared no pains to make all go off well. The conversation had been unflagging, the jokes and chaff unceasing, proving the affair a thorough success; and all were now wending their way back to the hotel, some driving, the rest walking—Travers and Gladys amongst the latter. *He* was quiet, too quiet; in fact, almost dull, and it oppressed Gladys.

"It's so good of you to have given me such a charming birthday," she said, "especially as I fear it has bored you and tired you."

"Not at all!" returned Travers. "I should have enjoyed the picnic thoroughly, but the gift was taken off the gingerbread by a worrying telegram I received just when starting."

"Oh! what was it? Not bad news, I hope?"

"Yes, unfortunately, very bad news. My old father has had a stroke of paralysis, and I must start for home to-night. This affects me more than I can say."

"Naturally. I *am* so sorry, Major Travers! Is there no chance of his recovery?"

"Oh, I trust so!" he replied. "He is a strong-constituted man, and the telegram said, 'going on well,' so I hope for the best; but I dread the journey. Cowardly, isn't it?"

"I wish I could make things easier."

"And if I tell you, you can, what will you say?"

"How?"

Did Gladys' tone imply possibilities? In any case, her question must be answered, and this inevitably meant the baring of his heart before her.

"I haven't presumed to ask you this hitherto, but heaviness of heart and the possibility of our never meeting again forces me to it. Dull, and without attractions, and perhaps fifteen years older than yourself, I have dared to love you. It has been my secret, but, now you know it, you must do with me what you will. You've suffered lately at the hands of a friend—a woman you thought lived only for you. Could my love ease your pain, it would never fail you. I loved you when I pleaded with you for Kennedy; it's part and parcel of my life to do so. If this is nothing to you, and you can in no way return it, write me your answer *after* I leave to-night. I can't face that journey with your 'no' ever ringing in my ears."

His voice just held out till he had finished what he had to say, but the strain was very apparent, and Gladys hurriedly broke in to ease the situation—

"How rushed and confused I feel after all you've said to me! And there's the hotel, so I've barely five minutes to collect my thoughts and reply to you. All my stay here has been a rush—a mixture of pleasure and pain. Such surprise and pain only known to myself I've suffered on realising I could no longer content my friend, that our love one for the other was no longer a necessity to her. Then wounded pride and your silent sympathy, shown in a thousand ways, stepped in and softened the blow; and your pity was akin to love, and—love begets love. All this almost without my knowing it. And now you pin me into a corner, and in a moment it all bursts upon me; and, oddly enough, it seems the easiest thing in the world to tell you—I love you!"

"MILITARY DISPLAY" AT THE ALHAMBRA.

The war-fever is epidemic in London just now, and, unless the theatres offer something in the nature of khaki, the public become absent-minded beggars and forget to call at the box-office. Kipling and Sullivan, in pleasing combination, have helped a strong Alhambra programme to fill the house for some weeks past. Now the *première danseuse* has fled from the home of ballet, "frighted by false fire," and even the coryphées have put uniform on. The result is excellent, but it is not ballet. Mr. Slater, with commendable honesty, calls it a "patriotic military display." Just at present the playgoing public has eyes for red or khaki, ears for military marches and patriotic songs, praise for warlike deeds and military display; to all else it is blind, deaf, and dumb. So we see "Soldiers of the Queen" at the Alhambra. The scene is Queen's Parade, Aldershot, and for some three-quarters of an hour the stage is held by representatives of the most popular regiments in the British Army. Scots Guards, Dorsets, Dublin Fusiliers, Buffs, Gordons, Life Guards, Dragoons, Hussars, Lancers, Royal Artillery, Colonials, and Militia succeed in seemingly endless variety, and go through drill founded on the orthodox movements—lightened for stage purposes—until proceedings close with parade and inspection, offering one of the most effective tableaux ever seen in the house.

By reason of its clever arrangement, sparkling music, bright colouring, and the keen, untiring interest that everybody takes in the work, a sketch that could hardly be more ephemeral holds the spectator from start to finish. It suits the hour, and will give everybody who is excited an excuse for enthusiasm. Perhaps before these lines are printed—certainly soon after—we shall hear of some British victory, and the Alhambra is now the house *par excellence* in which a success may best be celebrated. Though the proceedings are no more than a playful copy of everyday military life at home, they are sufficiently realistic to bring a thrill to the least enthusiastic spectator, and I am sure that the precision, the almost military efficiency, of the *corps de ballet* will earn the praise of those most competent to award it—the officers of the Services, who know all the varying possibilities of drill.

There are few opportunities for individual performers, but Mr. Charles Raymond does not fail to make the small part of a tutor amusing, and Mr. G. Almonti does equally well as an Orderly of the Army Medical Corps. Julie Seale, fresh from her Continental wanderings, gives one of the familiar quick-step dances she understands so well, and praise is due to Miss Madge Rossell, whose work is new to me. Miss Casaboni is absent from the cast, owing to a slight indisposition. Mr. George Byng has not had an easy task in welding the old and the new, popular airs and original music, into one harmonious whole; but he has succeeded very well, and proves himself once more to be a refined and scholarly musician. Signor Pratesi has shown no little skill in his arrangement of dances under circumstances that must be quite unusual to him. Altogether, Mr. Slater's new departure, though it leaves legitimate ballet a long way off, must be reckoned a success. S. L. B.

"SOLDIERS AND SAILORS, TOO!"

Among "the gentlemen in khaki ordered South" who have lately been doing such gallant work in South Africa, the Marine detachment accompanying Lord Methuen's force has been conspicuous. This circumstance, however, is only what could be expected of the representatives of a corps with such a splendid record behind it. Ever since its formation (by an Order in Council, dated Oct. 16, 1664) the Royal Marine Force has taken a prominent part in making the military history of England the most glorious yet achieved among nations. There is no part of the world in which the man whom Rudyard Kipling has happily designated "soldier and sailor, too," has not been, at some time or another, actively engaged in sustaining the honour of his Country and his Flag—from 1666, when he fought the Dutch in Holland, down to 1899, when he fought the Boers in South Africa. Consequently, the regimental badge of the Anchor and Laurel, which—with the Globe, circumscribed by the motto "Per Mare, Per Terram"—is worn by the corps, is a singularly well-chosen one.

In commemoration of the distinguished services performed by the force in the war of 1802, the prefix "Royal" was granted to the corps in this year. Shortly afterwards a number of Artillery Companies were established, and the Marines then became divided into two classes, Gunners and Infantry. Previous to this date, the latter Division only existed. In 1832 the Artillery Companies were discontinued, and not re-formed until the year 1859. Four years earlier, the Infantry became "Light Infantry." It is into these two bodies—the Royal Marine Artillery (colloquially known as "Blue Marines") and the Royal Marine Light Infantry (colloquially known as "Red Marines") that the corps is divided to-day. The strength, as a whole, consists of 401 officers and 17,576 warrant and non-commissioned officers and men, and its Honorary Colonel is H.R.H. the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (Duke of Edinburgh).

The training of either a "Blue" or a "Red" Marine is an extremely thorough one, and the instruction imparted to him is such as to mentally qualify him considerably above his brothers-in-arms of the Line. Not only is he taught drill and musketry, but he is also exercised in such subjects as gunnery, torpedo-work, and signalling. At sea, he is the hardest-worked man on board, and ashore he can give even a Guardsman points and a beating at his own game, as was amply evidenced by the performance of the Marine battalions during last year's Manœuvres on Salisbury Plain. Altogether, the "Sea-Soldier" is "one of the best."

THEATRE GOSSIP.

The question is not whether "The Mystical Miss" will hit or not; I say it will. Mr. Charles Klein, author of the book, may not be the longed-for librettist, nor Mr. J. P. Sousa the future Sullivan. Yet they have provided an effective musical frame for Mr. De Wolf Hopper, who, however, not unfrequently wanders out of the picture. For this sin the tall American may plead the precedent of our well-beloved Arthur Roberts, and no one will deny that he is quite as funny in his own American way. Certainly, the English player does not choose works which call themselves comic operas as vehicle for his astonishing displays of versatility. Another point in favour of the new piece—the musical director at the Comedy, no doubt, believes that one swallow does not make a summer; he is equally inclined to the theory that one clap does not make an encore. There can be no doubt, too, that Mr. Hopper has got across the footlights, and earned a corner in the playgoer's heart—necessarily a big heart. Perhaps it is not too much to say that, more than any player from the "other side," he has won favour with comic-opera lovers in this country. The story of Demidoff, the Russian Mountebank, and of his beautiful daughter—the mystical miss—who pretends to be a Princess, and captures the hand and heart of a penniless Prince, shrinks, or should shrink, from cold statement upon paper; presumably, it is not more anxious for analysis than the famous Cambridge sausages that are made in London. Mr. Charles Klein, the author, must not be blamed for this. Who can write a libretto of real quality when he knows that, at the whim of the leading player, any scene may be converted from grave to gay, from logic to topsy-turvydom? What is the use of inventing a real coherent story and witty lines if incoherent gaiety be allowed to force its way in, and jokes, born of the moment, permitted to replace the prepared speeches?

Has Mr. De Wolf Hopper a good part?—that seems to be the real question: the hearty applause that he won is the best answer. Perhaps "nothing in the piece became him like the leaving it" is a misquotation which may be applied, for Mr. Hopper's after-curtain speech was funnier than anything before; nevertheless, his ingenious use of a rich voice, his indomitable, indefatigable sense of fun, caused him to keep the piece in motion whenever he was on the stage. Mr. Sousa's music is tuneful and effective, and some numbers are sure to "catch on." Miss Nella Bergen, by lavish use of her powerful voice and its extensive compass, delighted the house with her songs, and she acted agreeably as the Princess. Miss Jessie Mackaye's vivacity and activity caused her to be successful, and Mr. Harold Blake, the tenor, won a hearty encore. Among those deserving of mention were Messrs. Norman, Stone, and Swain.

It is said that Mr. Brookfield's piece, "One Law for the Man," founded on "La Loi de l'Homme," produced by Miss Edith Woodworth (Mrs. Kettlewell) at a Criterion matinée on the 12th, has been seriously altered without the author's assistance, in order that it might pass the Censor. If this be the case, it is not surprising that the work of the really clever author seems to have a rather lame and impotent conclusion. Apart from this, though some of the scenes are bright, the piece does not show the dramatist at his best. Miss Woodworth had a heavy task as the neglected wife, which she accomplished with her customary skill, and Mr. Hermann Vezin and Miss Edith Wakeman played excellently, without, however, succeeding in causing the audience to become enthusiastic.

Miss Rosabel Morrison, who plays the leading female rôle of Hannah Jacobs in "Children of the Ghetto," comes of a famous theatrical family, her father being Lewis Morrison, a popular "star" for many seasons past in America, and especially well-known for his impersonation of Mephisto in his own spectacular version of "Faust." It was in this play that Miss Morrison gained her first stage-experience, first in a minor rôle, and afterwards as Marguerite, in which she proved her power as an emotional actress. Although a young woman, she is a remarkably finished actress, and her impersonation of the heroine of the Zangwill play has won the highest praise.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Good Fairy Pantomime is just now preparing to be very busy in our theatrical midst, yet some have found time and opportunity for the preparation and production of new plays of a non-Christmassy kind. The present week started with Mr Jerome

Klapka Jerome's new comedy, for the Duke of York's, namely, "Miss Hobbs," fresh from its big New York success with the charming Miss Annie Russell in the name-part, which is played at the Duke of York's by the equally charming Miss Evelyn Millard.

I can promise, from what I have seen of the rehearsals, that Mr. Arthur Collins will certainly eclipse his previous triumphs at Old Drury. "Jack and the Beanstalk" will be magnificent.

One of the chief men concerned in the running of "The Snow Man" is Mr. Cameron, who was concerned in the running of "Alice in Wonderland" last year at the Opéra Comique. "Alice in Wonderland" will this year take the place of a pantomime at the Brixton Theatre until Jan. 29, when the new lessee of that house, Mr. E. G. Saunders, of the Coronet, Notting Hill, and the Terriss Theatre, Rotherhithe, will bring the pantomime from the last-named house to Brixton.

At the Métropole, Camberwell, Mr. Mulholland, abandoning pantomime for the nonce, will present Mr. Wilson Barrett, who finished his Lyceum season last Saturday, marking the occasion by the giving away of "souvenirs." Mr. Barrett informs the present writer that, during his month's stay at the Métropole, he will, in all probability, try the new play which he has written in collaboration with Dr. Elwyn Barron, of the U.S.A.

Speaking of Mr. Barrett, the aforesaid present writer has just been assured on the best authority that there is imminent a new play of such strength and of such a daring character that it will cause that strong and daring play, "The Sign of the Cross," to sink into comparative insignificance.

In the meantime, all sorts of new plays of a more or less religious and mystic character may be expected. These include two more adaptations of "Ben Hur" than the three or four already mentioned in *The Sketch*; a couple of new dramatisations of "The Scarlet Letter," which has often been adapted but has never yet attracted the English public in paying numbers; a play called "The Sceptre and the Cross," a Hebrew theological play called "A Daughter of the Synagogue," and another new Hebrew drama, written by Mr. Israel Zangwill and called "Elijah's Mantle."

The Crystal Palace Christmas piece has been written by Mr. Cunningham Bridgman, always a polished and graceful writer. It is entitled "Cyril's Dream," and shows, in something of "revue" form, the wonderful sights seen in a boy's dream of a visit to the Palace itself. This show will comprise many a quaint and grand performance, at the same time serving for what might be called apt advertisement's artful aid.

Don't fail during the holidays to enjoy a mirthful evening at the Vaudeville, and be exhilarated by "The Elixir of Youth," a play so droll that it deserves a longer run than it seems likely to get at the West End, anyway. In the course of a few weeks, Mr. Ascherberg, the music-publisher, who has taken over the Vaudeville lease for a time,

will produce there a new play by the German authors who wrote the original of "The Elixir of Youth"—that is, unless Mr. Ascherberg can let the theatre.

Mr. Arthur Roberts was in treaty for the Vaudeville, but that matter is now what Mr. Roberts himself would call "off!—very much off!" As Mr. Roberts appears to be unable to just now find a theatre whereat to give his new play, "On the Move" (by Mr. J. T. Tanner), its first London production, it is more than likely that this droll comedian will, for a while, return to his first love, the "halls." He may even be found bobbing up at the new Leicester Square Hippodrome, which palatial building is about to open with a vast and varied show.

It seems likely that Miss Marie Tempest and Mr. George Edwardes will soon "shake hands and make it up" concerning their recent difference of opinion concerning the former differer's "San Toy" costume. The melodious little lady is the only Tempest one wishes to see at Daly's. In the meantime, Miss Florence Collingbourne has been playing Miss Tempest's part in this bright and beautifully mounted play, and also successfully wearing the Tempest-ously rejected garments.

I have already indicated that in the way of pantomime the cake will be taken by "Jack and the Beanstalk," at Drury Lane; and "Puss in Boots," at the Garrick, will have been produced by the time your next *Sketch* appears. Pantomimes of an apparently very cheering type will be found at the Grand, Islington; the Grand, Croydon; the Royal County, Kingston-on-Thames; the Grand, Fulham; the Surrey; the Borough, Stratford; the Coronet, Notting Hill; and the Princess of Wales's, Kennington Park.



MISS ROSABEL MORRISON, WHO PLAYS CHARMINGLY AS HANNAH JACOBS IN "CHILDREN OF THE GHETTO," AT THE ADELPHI.

Photo by Moses and Son, New Orleans.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Dec. 20, 4.50; Thursday, 4.51; Friday, 4.51; Saturday, 4.52; Sunday, 4.52; Monday, 4.53; Tuesday, 4.54.

Now is it winter, and the cyclist is discontented. Keen frost the true wheelman rather likes, and even the peppering of the roads with snow comes not amiss. But a snowfall with the highways masses of black slush, and then the slush frozen, so that riding over the stiffened ridges is not unlike attempting to ride across the metals at a tangled railway junction, brings a long face, and the cyclist finds indeed and truly that the pleasure of his life has been cut off. Just before the snow came, I got one good day of riding about the hills beyond Edinburgh. The air was crisp, clear, and invigorating; but the roads, due to the persistent rains, were not things of beauty. I do not recommend Scotland for winter touring.

One thing, however, that struck me in Auld Reekie was the popularity of the motor. I am writing only on rough guess-work, but I should say that, in proportion to the population, there are six times as many motors in Edinburgh as there are in London. The penny motor-'bus is popular. There are many of these 'buses, and they come whizzing along Princes Street or down the North Bridge at a terrific rate. The horse-pulled 'bus is a sluggard compared with the motor.

From personal experience, I can say that the Edinburgh people take a lively interest in cycling. During my stay in the city it was my duty to give two lectures. One, that was about nothing else but bicycling, was before the Edinburgh Literary Institute. It was a horrible night, rainy, foggy, clammy—altogether suicidal. Bicycle-riding is not an exciting topic at the best of times, and I looked forward to an audience of the chairman, the hall-porter, and myself. But I was mistaken. The hardy Edinburgh folks showed up nobly; the big hall was packed and there was hardly standing-room. Well, when people will turn out on a wretched December night and listen for nearly two hours to a man on his hind-legs talking about cycling, it is some small proof that interest in the pastime among the Scotch is fairly active.

Really, one must feel sorry for those people who have money invested in cycle companies. With a few exceptions, these companies are in a shaky condition and drifting towards the Bankruptcy Court. Of course, much of the trouble the companies find themselves in is to be ascribed to the reckless over-capitalisation of many of them. The little gold-mine in cycle manufacture is exhausted. The makers won't start to make new fortunes till the "booming" habit is dropped and bicycles are sold simply on their merit.

Many cycle-manufacturers are turning, in the hope of retrieving misfortune, to the production of motor-cycles. I am sadly afraid this is a false step that will land them in fresh financial difficulty. There is a tremendous future for motor-cars; indeed, few of us can comprehend what will take place within the next ten years. But motor-cycling—no, I do not see any future for it unless some means are introduced to stop the noise and vibration. One of the great delights of cycling is the quietness with which one can glide along country lanes, really enjoying the calm and the peace after possibly being locked up for many days in a noisy town. One can't—at least, I can't—experience the full charm of a quiet whizz through beautiful scenery in the presence of a clattering, gasping motor-tricycle. The public are not "catching on" to motor-cycles because they like them. Rather, if there is any "catching on," it is because they have been extensively boomed, because you can travel at a daring pace, and also because motors are the latest things in cycling.

It would be interesting if one could find out how much the demand for an article is due to genuine popular appreciation of that article, and how much is due to the advertising and general booming of the article by the manufacturers. I am watching carefully the amount of honest, genuine interest taken by the public in the free-wheel. Next to the pneumatic tyre, nothing, since cycling came to the front, has been stuffed into our ears so much as the advantages of the free-wheel. All along, I must say, I have been just a wee bit sceptical about those colossal advantages. At first, the fascination of gliding long distances with motionless pedals is beautiful. But here comes a little drawback. On an ordinary machine, a good rider who can back-pedal well has a much greater control over the machine—indeed, he feels an integral part of it. This sympathy—I can use no better word—between rider and cycle is absent in the free-wheel. Another thing, on a free-wheel you are always looking out for slight gradients, and you take a pride, on stretches of the flat, to see how far your machine will run without effort on your part. Again I say this has its fascination, but it also has its drawback. A large part of your attention is occupied on the driving of the bicycle. I

admit that, compared with the free-wheel, a rider wastes some energy on an ordinary wheel. But, and here I speak personally, one of the pleasures I have from cycling is that I pedal away hour after hour, the physical effort being non-existent. Riding with me, as it must be with hundreds of thousands of other riders, is purely mechanical. It is done without thought, because it is done naturally. Therefore, while riding along, I can admire the country, and I can think of things I want to think about, quite apart from cycling, which I could not do if I was always saying to myself: "Ah, here I will stop pedalling; that's a long free run. I must pedal hard to get up speed again, and see how far I can go. Here is a stretch on a gradient; I'll have a long coast." I am quite willing to be converted to the free-wheel, but, at present, I must say I prefer the unconscious mechanical pedalling to the constant change from one thing to the other.

Free-wheeling is going to be popular next season. This will be due to it being the latest fad, and because the free-wheel has been determinedly "boomed" by the cycle trade. Formerly cyclists were much more enthusiastic than they are now. A keen wheelman felt he was falling behind the times if he did not have the latest pattern each spring as it came round. For the last few years, as there have been no radical changes in make, men have been content to own the same machine two or three seasons. It is this that gives rise to the idea that cyclists are not so numerous as formerly, whereas, as a matter of fact, they are on the increase. The free-wheel is something novel; it appeals to the public imagination, and so manufacturers are "booming" and advertising it for all that it is worth, not because the ordinary wheel is not admirable, but because, once the craze is general, folks will be getting rid of their ordinary wheels and investing in new wheels. At the recent

Shows, free-wheels were all the cry, and yet, were the order-books of the exhibitors to be examined, it would be seen very few free-wheels were ordered by the public compared with the orders given for the ordinary fixed wheel.

Herewith I give a view of the Southern Rhodesia Volunteers. The Volunteers were formed a few weeks ago, and went into camp on Saturday, Oct. 21. That same evening eighty-five left for Palapye, to stiffen Khama's natives. The men sleep in the open, being supplied with a waterproof sheet and a blanket. They are being constantly drilled, and in all probability by this time are defending the southern border.

It really appears that tandems are going out of fashion. Riders prefer, as it were, to paddle their own canoe instead of going double. Of course, riding tandem with some-

one not used to your style is a great bother, and there is always the possibility of thinking, especially when you are getting tired and the work seems hard, that the other fellow is not "putting enough beef" into it. At the commencement of this year, I urged very strongly that, in machines for man and woman, the usual practice should be reversed, and that the lady should ride behind, and not in front.

My chief reason was that it was fair to assume that, in most cases, the man was the better rider of the two, and therefore he should be in front and have the control. This plan, I was glad to see, was adopted by many makers, and most of the machines put on the market this past season had the lady's seat behind. Still, I can't shut my eyes to the fact that tandem-riding is on the decrease. Now, what do those cycle-manufacturers who are keen on free-wheels say to making some machines next year with only the lady's section free? A man could then take his wife out for a ride, and she need only pedal when she was inclined.

It is a matter I have frequently referred to, but one that loses nothing by reiteration, that the ordinary rider pays scant attention to the proper care of his wheel. This is the time of year when there are often muddy roads to be ridden over, and when the machine gets liberally splashed with mire. Coming home after a spin over rough and dirty ground, the practice is too common of sticking the machine away in a shed, intending to clean it when a spare half-hour comes along. That spare half-hour rarely does come, and so the bicycle stands for a week, or maybe a fortnight, coated with mud, before it is wanted again, and so there is a rough scramble with a duster to make it just passable for going out on again. This is all wrong. Cleaning one's bicycle is a nuisance, and personally I hate it. But it is work that should be done at once if the wheel is to be kept in anything like good running trim. I am a great believer in lubricant, especially in wet weather, because it keeps out the damp and so prevents rust. I wish repairers would adopt the plan of sticking cards in their windows, "Cycles cleaned at owners' residences." There is a small fortune awaiting the man who can send workmen around and thoroughly clean and adjust a machine at a shilling a-time.

J. F. F.



CYCLE SECTION OF THE SOUTHERN RHODESIA VOLUNTEERS AT BULAWAYO.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES

Although, I am told, no arrangement has been come to between Lord William Beresford and Sloan for the latter's services in the summer of 1900, I expect the agreement will be renewed before the opening of the next flat-racing season. In my opinion, however, there should be no



BILLY, OF THE 7TH DRAGOON GUARDS.

The dog who collected a lot of money for the Soldiers' Widows and Orphans, and may yet do service at "the front." Photo by El'dridge, Colchester.

such thing as retainers, and, if I were a big owner, and could make sure of getting the services of good jockeys, I would never give a retainer to any horseman. I often think the knowledge of which jockey is going to ride is liable to influence the handicapper, and I sometimes think that certain animals are given more weight than they are entitled to on the book. Again, a fashionable jockey does influence the price of a horse, and I can quite believe the rumour that Lord William Beresford won more races and lost more in betting in 1899 than he ever did before. Thirteen-to-eight chances are no good to get back heavy losses on.

Mr. Whitney, who has a large stud of racehorses in training under the eagle eye of Mr. Gilpin at Pimperne, near Blandford, will be often heard of on our racecourses next year. The downs at Pimperne are of the soundest, and horses are bound to do well, as the going is perfectly reliable the year round. Thanks to the chalk subsoil, it never gets hard in the summer nor soft in the winter, and the Pimperne training-tracks will compare favourably with those in use at Netheravon, Beckhampton, and Manton. It is a wild country across the downs from Blandford to Shaftesbury. I intended doing the journey on my "bike" in the summer, but, when I got to Stalbridge, the natives told me the military operations had cut up the tracks to such an extent that they were unrideable. Hard by Pimperne is Iwerne Minster, where the Prince of Wales went recently to shoot with Lord Wolverton, and not far off are the kennels of Lord Portman's Hunt.

I was talking to a big sporting publisher, a day or two since, and he told me the war had played sad havoc with his business. It seems the majority of the officers serving in South Africa are good sportsmen, and during the winter months they purchase a large amount of sporting literature in the shape of guides, papers, &c. Your real military man delights in cross-country sport, and he is, it seems, the chief customer of the big bookmaker and the big sporting publisher during the winter months. Officers do not always win money from the ring. I heard a story of a well-known gentleman rider, a Captain stationed at Aldershot, who once got heavily into debt with the bookmakers. One of the layers threatened Captain — to report the matter to his Colonel unless he paid up by a certain date. The Captain made the following reply by letter: "Make your report to the Commander-in-Chief; it would have the same effect!"

Some cross-country jockeys often break bones, while others never come to any serious harm. The brothers Nightingall, for instance, have

never broken a bone, and this reminds me of a very good story that is told of Lord Kinnaird, who used to play football with the Old Etonians' team. On one occasion, Lady Kinnaird expressed a wish to Major Marindin that he would induce his lordship to give up the "horrid game," arguing, "I am sure he will be brought home with a broken leg some day." The Major replied, "It will be someone else's leg, then, for Lord Kinnaird will never break one of his own at football"; and the Major was right, for Lord Kinnaird was as hard as nails. So are the Nightingalls. They may tumble, but they are not likely to break any bones, and they are as quick as lightning in getting away from a falling horse. Robert Nightingall once laid down after a tumble on the blind side of the hurdles at Plumpton, and allowed seventeen horses to jump over him.

Entries for the Spring Handicaps will be published early in the New Year, and plenty of time will be given us to digest these before the Lincoln Handicap is decided on March 27. Everything points to another busy flat-season, but I am afraid the four-year-olds will not be of a very high order, if we except Flying Fox, Irish Ivy, and one or two others. The three-year-olds ought to play a prominent part in the Handicaps next year, as they will be a level lot. Of the horses that will be above four years of age in January, very little that is good can be said, as the majority of the best of them have either broken down or have trained off. According to the horse-watchers, there are some very promising youngsters at Newmarket, Kingsclere, and Beckhampton, and the two-year-old racing of the late spring and early summer of 1900 promises well.

Owing to an unfortunate slip of the pen, I said the other day that Dewey had won the Melbourne Cup as well as the Caulfield Cup. The horse ran third for the Melbourne Cup, and the error occurred through my misreading my correspondent's letter. Already several readers of this column have drawn my attention to the mistake, and, if the past can be taken as a criterion, I shall continue to receive quiet little wiggings over this "very small one" for the next two months, as I remember having made a slip in this column in a matter of fact about three years back, and corrections came from Australia, British Columbia, The Rockies, and even from Bombay, not to mention scores of other places nearer home. Sporting readers do not hesitate to correct an error when they see one in a newspaper, which, I maintain, helps to make those responsible for the sporting columns careful.

It is wonderful how one can be mistaken in people. One fine-looking man has been a frequenter of Tattersall's Ring at most of the home meetings I have attended during the last dozen years. I thought he must be a big foreign backer, and yet at times he struck me as being a Scotchman. Well, I attended a big concert at the Cannon Street Hotel the other evening, and in pretty well the centre of the large hall (there were eight hundred men present), sure enough, I spotted the old familiar face. As luck would have it, I saw a friend of mine speaking to the stranger, and, later in the evening, I asked my friend who he had been talking to. Imagine my surprise when he told me the mysterious



M. LEVEGH'S RACING AUTOMOBILE, WITH WHICH HE RECENTLY DID 200 MILES IN 6 HOURS 11 MINUTES.

man was none other than one of the best-known detective inspectors in London, and my friend chided me on my unpardonable ignorance. I claim to know the majority of the "from information received" men at least by sight, but this particular member had defied my curiosity for at least a decade. CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES.

Treated, as we are, to the melancholy circumstance of war which has had no pomp to mitigate its dreadful earnest, up to the present at all events, it needed but the last straw of climatic cussedness by which we



EMILE GALLÉ'S WORK ON VIEW AT SAINSBURY'S.

have been victimised this week to bring the lot of the Londoner even lower down in the scale of discomfort than Gilbert's policeman of pathetic memory. Whatever the slings and arrows that outrageous fortune hurls at our devoted heads, there is always a sensible aggravation of ill when atmospheric surroundings are as gratuitously disagreeable as they have been quite lately. Snow, sleet, and sooty fog are uncomfortable facts to deal with at any time; but when coming as adjuncts to the raucous cry of the street-boy announcing slaughter of sons and husbands out there in distant Africa, the combination of the lesser evil with the great seems to lay the last straw on our too heavily weighted endurance. The temptation to run away from these leaden, lowering skies, and seek at least the relief of sunshine and a breathable atmosphere comes very strongly just now, and it is a fact that, notwithstanding a most natural desire to retaliate by a system known as "boycotting" the unpardonable viciousness of an ill-regulated French Press, we many of us turn longingly to such memories of perfumed air and lustrous sea as the Mediterranean-bathed coast of the Riviera brings alluringly back. Many will realise, too, that, though it would be incompatible with the dignity of our revered Queen to visit a country where the gutter-journalist has been able to insult her so wantonly, yet the best of France must deplore its worst, and so they will doubtless take thus a broader view than seems to at first suggest itself, and allow themselves the perennial relaxation of Casino and climate which in conjunction so greatly appeal to a large section of our community. Not one of the least inducements for



EMILE GALLÉ'S WORK ON VIEW AT SAINSBURY'S.

wintering more especially at Cannes lies in the fact that one can put up at so lavishly splendid a hotel as the Métropole, which, with its twenty-seven acres of private grounds, situated in one of the loveliest spots of the Riviera, offers an inducement of putting Napoleon's famous *mot*, "J'y suis," into practice that few, if any, other places possess. For such a thoroughly well-appointed hotel, the tariff is, too, quite moderate, fifteen francs a-day representing all inclusive *en pension* charges.

Who was it that said "Sweets to the sweet"? The phrase was, no doubt, originally delivered as a pompous early Victorian compliment. If it was not, and has claims more classic, may I be forgiven, but it certainly has the 1840 air of barbarous, wordy vapouring. Meanwhile, I had intended to briefly remark that a more misleading expression had rarely been given vent to, seeing that it is not only the sweet who love sweets, but all varying degrees of the "human, various" gamut, even unto the most sour and bilious-visaged, inasmuch as a "Marquis" chocolate will indeed appeal to all, and the more so if it be encased in such choice specimens of wrought glass-ware, wood-work, and ethereal wicker even as Messrs. Sainsbury, long known at 176 and 177, Strand, but now of 136, Regent Street, only can supply. The bonbons, chocolate, lavender-water and other choice perfumes for which this firm in sixty years of being has become so favourably known, are boxed, bottled, and encased so daintily that the charm of their intrinsic excellence is thereby trebly enhanced. Baskets of grass woven by the natives of Labrador, dainty bonbonnières of split cane from Japan, exquisite vases and caskets of inlaid glass by that celebrated artist Emile Gallé, of Nancy, each one of which is a signal production, are all made to hold the pralines or nougat of Montélimar, or other charming



Pearl and Diamond Bangle.



Sun Brooch.



The new Andalusian Ear-rings.

NEW JEWELLERY AT FAULKNER'S.

lollipops for which the house of Sainsbury is renowned. As illustrating the high artistic character of Emile Gallé's work, some reproductions of his cameo-glass are added here, but no black-and-white sketch can adequately convey the exquisite softness of colouring in the artist's work, of which, by the way, Messrs. Sainsbury are the sole introducers and agents in this country.

A little farther down Regent Street—at 98, The Quadrant, to be particular—one comes upon a celebrated repository of other "fine things and superfine things" dear also to the heart of woman. This is "Faulkner's," of Faulkner diamond and pearl fame, whose gem-work has attained such wide popularity both in England and America. The Faulkner diamond is not a paste, be it understood, but natural crystal, chiefly Spanish, which, mounted in the best designs by experienced workmen, and set in gold, easily takes the place of genuine De Beers' at one hundredth part of the cost. The Faulkner pearls are also a quite astonishing instance of this scientific century's powers of reproduction. Composed chiefly of the matrix of the pearl-oyster, they have all the sheen and lovely lustre of the real pearl, while in form as well as colour they have frequently deceived even the astute jeweller himself. This pair of diamond ear-rings, set in the latest mode, while also copied from antique Andalusian originals, are only 28s. the pair, an incredibly low price when their effect and excellent setting are considered. A bangle of pearls and diamonds is also shown the price of which is equally inconsiderable. Of pearl and diamond-clasped dog-collars there will be found a very varied choice. But this applies to the many fascinating gauds scattered about on all sides by Faulkner—combs,

brooches, bangles, charms, pendants, and what not; all the paraphernalia of beauty, in fact, which draws not by a single hair, however, but by many glittering beams.

Strange as it may appear, there are yet many insufficiently educated beings who connect the well-known name of Spiers and Pond with an excellent silver grill, unimpeachable vintages, and other forms of creature comfort variously, but who have no knowledge of the far-reaching and all-embracing Stores in Queen Victoria Street by which hundreds—or rather, thousands—of families are daily served with life's necessities and luxuries, from tea and sugar even unto diamond tiaras, from wines and cigars to life insurance and carpet-beating—a choice of subjects which certainly offers some food for reflection. At the moment toys constitute a large share in the attention of Spiers and Pond's public, all sorts of inventive quips and cranks being shown in their toy-bazaar, as well as the old favourites of which childhood will never tire. The wooden horse, *bien entendu*, the eye-shutting "Mamma"-invoking wax-doll, up to the latest developments of scientific invention,



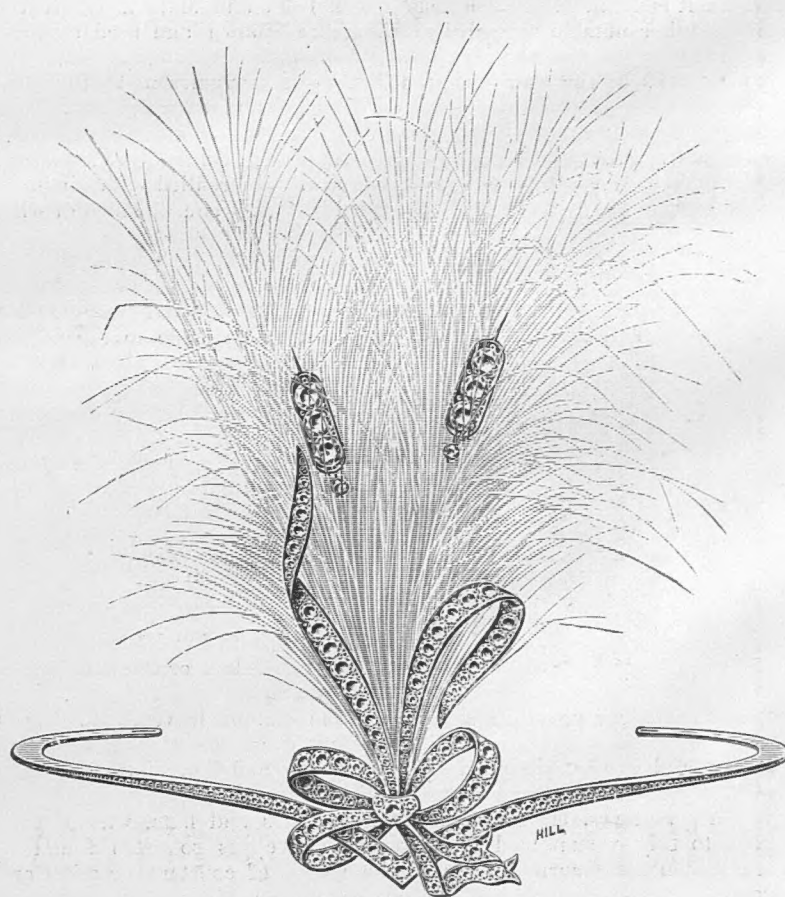
DIAMOND AND RUBY
BROOCH AT
SPIERS AND POND'S.



A SEASONABLE COSTUME.

are on view for the juvenile delight, while that department which will most appeal to grown-up receptivity in the matter of Christmas presents is undoubtedly the plate and jewellery one, where an immense choice of silver articles at unusually low prices are exploited for the practical recognition of the gift-giving public. Fitted leather dressing-bags and dressing-cases, opera-, field-glasses, Tantalus spirit-frames, silver breakfast- and tea-services, not to mention the thousand-and-one daintinesses for toilet-table, writing-bureau, or personal use, such as embossed silver belts, buckles, or chatelaines, are exhibited on all sides of the handsome shop, in which jewellery also forms a very principal attraction. Of gem-set watch-bracelets, which always make so welcome and useful a gift, Messrs. Spiers and Pond have a notably splendid selection, their slim "Louis"

watches for men's evening wear being also a speciality with the firm. Gem-set "charms" in countless diversity, scarf-pins, sleeve-links, up to the most elaborate and artistic versions of diamond tiara and aigrette and corsage-ornaments, are to be seen, proving how



DIAMOND AIGRETTE AT SPIERS AND POND'S.

widespread are the ramifications of this leviathan business. One quite charming and uncommon device of the popular aigrette is shown in this wheat-ear pattern with diamond knot. Some of the new diamond cluster ear-rings are also remarkable for their fine setting, choice stones, and very moderate price, and there are many new and exceedingly lovely designs in diamond "sprays" for the corsage; while brooches, bangles, and all other forms of feminine bejewelled furbelow lie about in tempting array, before which the most sternly economical resolves must needs melt away. Messrs. Spiers and Pond's thousand-page catalogue, which is given free on application, is a liberal education on the subject of human wants and wishes. No one should be without this handiest and most complete of reference-books.

Use and abuse, though not synonymous terms, have often, nevertheless, in the world's history overlapped each other's signification somewhat, never more so, perhaps, than in the matter of perfumes and essences, which at one period of this island's history were so overpoweringly, not to say necessitously, in use, and subsequently, for obvious reasons, fell into utter disfavour, so that it is only of late years



SILVER EAU-DE-COLOGNE BOTTLES AT SPIERS AND POND'S.

really that fashion has once more sealed with favour the subtle scents and delicate extracts which the women of this highly civilised generation now so universally affect.

An acknowledged centre in all that relates to exquisitely distilled

perfume, 62, New Bond Street, is now everywhere acknowledged to be. In first making a European reputation with their unique Eau-de-Cologne, the "No. 4711" dépot quickly made both name and number household syllables. Following this, Mühlens' Rhine Violet was introduced to an ardently receptive public, and, by reason of its unapproachable fragrance, quickly became the crowning favourite of all other perfumes. Mühlens' Marshal Niel, containing all the lasting sweetness of the rose from which it is distilled, and Mühlens' Rhine Gold and Malmaison, are the firm's other notable specialities which are known and used by most women who understand the value of a completely satisfactory effect. Put up in cases of three or more bottles, these perfumes make the most welcome form of Christmas and New Year gifts, new leather satin-lined boxes, which are now being shown at 62, New Bond Street, being particularly smart and useful, as, when the present contents are used, they

can always be refilled with similarly sized bottles. The dilemma of what to give as a present can be most easily solved in this connection, as flowers and perfume are the acknowledged permissible and possible gifts which may be made to the merest acquaintance as well as nearest friend.

Mühlens' last novelty is a new violet sachet called the "Favorita," which, though it costs only a shilling, is more lasting and odorous of the sweet-scented flower itself than any other ever produced *sans exception*. It is only necessary to expend the modest coin in question to experience grateful proof of this very bold assertion. The sachet diffuses an exquisite scent of violet in the paper, handkerchief-box, or wardrobe where it is placed.



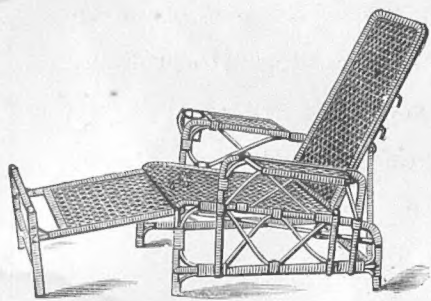
USEFUL CABINET AT WALLACE'S.

One cannot leave Bond Street without a glance at this new and most useful cabinet, designed by W. Wallace and Co., whose new shop is such a centre of attractiveness. Each drawer, separately devoted to jewellery, gloves, lace, ribbons, handkerchiefs, and hats, will prove a boon to tidy womanhood and prevent the chaos so often found in one's immediate surroundings in these days of constant dressing and going-out. This capital invention should be speedily domiciled in every bedroom.

No doubt there will be a great popping of Tom Smith's famous crackers this year, as usual. Their merry nonsense has made more cheerful in the past many a cheerful Christmas, and we shall, even as a nation, much less as individuals, require all the good-natured auxiliaries we can muster this Yuletide.

The friends—and they are many—of the invalids that each transport will bring back from the Seat of War should have their attention drawn to the admirably arranged cane lounge-chair, with adjustable back and leg-rests, which Leveson and Sons, the well-known invalid-chair makers of London, Leeds, Manchester, and other centres, have just brought out. This lounge, obtainable at the easy price of two guineas, is admirably adapted for the house and garden, as well as shipboard, and as a Christmas present is therefore a sort of *multum in parvo* which can be applied to many occasions, and is, moreover, a portable wonder, seeing that it

packs away into the smallest space when not in use, and can yet be drawn out and adjusted in five seconds. Messrs. Leveson have generously sent a number of these chairs to the *Maine* hospital-ship, where their comfort-giving possibilities will, no doubt, be tested by many of our poor fellows who have fought for Queen and country. Bellis's turtle-soup and jelly, it should be added, are easily packed delicacies which those



LEVESON'S ADJUSTABLE LOUNGE.

who are sending hampers to the front should not forget to include in their lists. Both are most strengthening, easily assimilated and palatable, and will no doubt be much appreciated by "gentlemen in khaki" as reminiscent of the good cheer which ever marks this time of year at home.

SYBIL.

Mr. Giles, the well-known artist, has proceeded to South Africa for the purpose of painting on the spot the actual scenery itself of one of the earlier engagements in Natal, for the representation of which he has received a special commission.

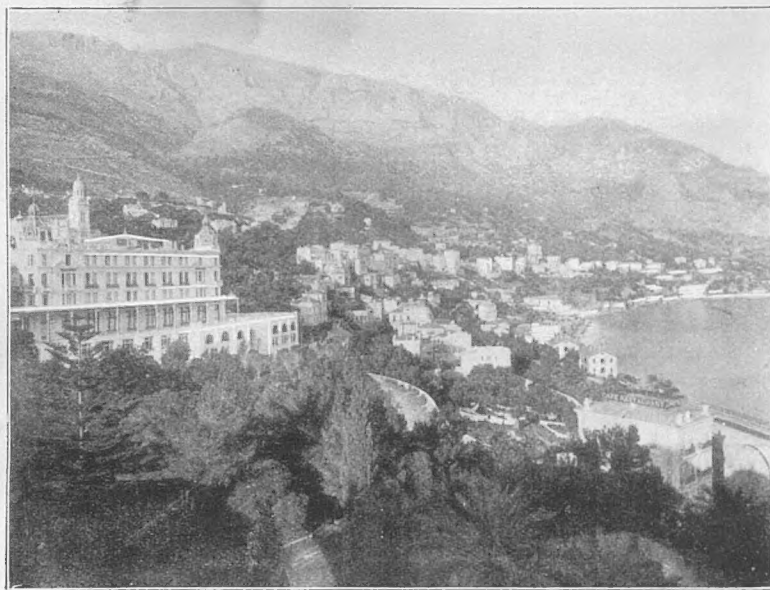
Mr. Van-Alen, an American gentleman well known in this country, especially at Melton, which he has for many years used as his headquarters for hunting, has made a most generous offer to the powers that be in control of the war arrangements in South Africa. He has offered to furnish entirely at his own expense a fully equipped light Field Ambulance for service at "the front," and is desirous of himself accompanying it. There can be little doubt that the authorities will gladly and gratefully avail themselves of such a splendid offer.

CHRISTMAS AT MERRY MONTE CARLO.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

Monte Carlo, which has been more or less languid all summer, is now alive again, and, with its sunshine and flowers, clear sky and invigorating atmosphere, presents a very striking contrast to the snow, rains, and fogs of London in December. Wars may come and go, international antipathies may be fostered, foreign policies change, and new alliances be made, but Monte Carlo keeps on its merry way, oblivious of all political feelings in the outside world. For Monte Carlo is neutral territory; it is the cosmopolitan playground of the world—as, indeed, all the Riviera is, on a larger scale. The French population in the Riviera has more regard for francs than for political feelings and prejudices. Monte Carlo has another advantage over Cannes and other winter holiday-resorts where the population is more Italian than French, and more English in winter than either, as it is not even in France. It is a tiny kingdom, or principality which enjoys a peculiar independence which is not likely to be disturbed. Not an echo is heard at Monte Carlo or Cannes of the vapourings of the Paris press which would lead one to believe that the Riviera was a place to be avoided.

Just now, then, all is brightness, gaiety, and frivolity, and the season's pastimes have begun. At that palace of luxury and comfort, the Hôtel Métropole, I already meet many English and American visitors who have come to the Riviera for the combined purpose of restoring their health and seeking pleasure. This establishment, like many other hotels on the Riviera, is in English hands, being owned by the Gordon Hotels



VIEW OF MONTE CARLO: HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE ON THE LEFT.

Company, a fact which in itself is the best testimony for good management. It is the favourite hotel of the Prince of Wales and other members of Royal Families, and is situated in an ideal position, surrounded with beautiful gardens, palm-trees, and woods, and commanding a magnificent view of the Mediterranean, while behind it rise picturesque hills. There are some curious regulations enforced by the Prince of Monaco. One used to be that buildings had only to be a certain height and a limited size. To comply with these conditions, the Métropole built a series of charming villas, which form an annexe to the hotel, and are very inviting residences for family parties. These villas stand immediately opposite the hotel, and face full south, communicating with the hotel by means of a covered corridor.

The season is not yet in full swing, but it is beginning. The fact that Her Majesty the Queen this year patronises Bordighera instead of Cimiez or Nice does not affect Monte Carlo, as it is the same distance from Bordighera as it is to Nice, being three-quarters of an hour by train from each place.

As I have said, a number of annual visitors to Monte Carlo have already arrived at the Métropole Hotel, and others are expected shortly, including Lord Erskine, the Earl of Buchan, and Sir Edward Hill among English visitors. Visitors at once feel at home in this magnificent hotel. No expense has been spared in providing every possible comfort, and, added to superb fittings and excellent management, the hotel derives another advantage from its unrivalled situation. Without leaving the table in the restaurant, one can enjoy the finest sea and land views on the Riviera.

Living at Monte Carlo is moderate this time of the year. When the season is at its height, in March, prices naturally increase.

The Empress Eugénie will arrive at Cap Martin at the beginning of January; and a number of leading artists, including Madame Réjane, Madame Jane Hading, Madame Jeanne Granier, and M. Hugenet have already arrived, while for the famous Classical Concerts at Monte Carlo, Messrs. Joachim and Tivadar-Nachez, and other well-known artists, are expected soon. To all appearances, it will be difficult by the middle of January for visitors to find accommodation.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 27.

THE MARKETS.

We have passed through probably one of the most disastrous and depressing weeks upon the Stock Exchange which any of us can remember, culminating with the news of General Buller's defeat and something like a panic on Saturday morning.

The scene in Capel Court when the news of the Tugela affair came through is described by a member of the House in the following graphic letter, which reaches us as we are about to close these Notes. The writer was in the Stock Exchange doing, or trying to do, business for clients while the events he relates were taking place—

"Dec. 16, 1899.

"The tremendous collapse of the Kaffir Market to-day will live long in the memory of those whose business takes them into the Stock Exchange. The terribly true news coming on the top of the fearfully false rumours of the previous day fairly staggered members of the House. In a kind of dazed, stupid way the Kaffir Circus began to deal about ten o'clock in the morning. What prices were nobody knew. Goldfields left of $7\frac{1}{8}$ on Friday, and the first cry of Saturday was, 'At $6\frac{1}{2}$ sell Goldfields.' No one responded, and then came, 'Sell Goldfields at 6.' The rout of the bulls had begun, and for an hour the bears raged at their will. Rand Mines fell $6\frac{1}{2}$ points, the bulls flying in all directions without a thought of taking cover. It was one of the most trying mornings in the remembrance of the present generation, and all the House rejoiced to see the clock point to half-past one. A recovery occurred at the close, and prices became steadier in the street; but at what a sacrifice!"

As we write, it is impossible to say what Monday morning may bring forth. The rally of which our correspondent speaks was founded on the assumption that the reverse is not so bad as it looks at first sight, and if later news confirms this idea, there may be a general improvement, but those who have read Sir Redvers Buller's telegram carefully may well have doubts.

In these columns we have, week by week, protested against the absurd prices to which Kaffirs were pushed up on and shortly after the declaration of war, and, as numerous correspondents can testify, we have begged them to keep their money in their pockets rather than gamble with it at a time when the issue was so uncertain. That we have been wise in taking up this attitude is, we think, evident from the following table, showing the prices of the leading Kaffir mines at the end of September, in the middle of the boom, and on Black Saturday.

Name.	Sept. 30.	Nov. 24.	Dec. 16.
Chartered	$2\frac{1}{16}$	$4\frac{1}{8}$	$3\frac{1}{16}$
Consolidated Goldfields	$5\frac{1}{2}$	$8\frac{1}{8}$	$6\frac{1}{4}$
De Beers	$23\frac{1}{16}$	29	$25\frac{1}{8}$
East Rand	$5\frac{1}{8}$	$7\frac{1}{4}$	$5\frac{1}{2}$
Modderfontein	$8\frac{3}{8}$	$11\frac{3}{4}$	8
Rand Mines	29	$42\frac{1}{2}$	33 $\frac{1}{4}$

In our opinion, prices are still too high, considering the prospects of a long-drawn-out struggle and all the chances attending the future. At the same time, for a *quick turn*, those who buy after a week of defeats may not improbably make a small profit, especially if one of our Generals should prove the truth of the old adage, that it is the unexpected which always happens, by providing us with a victory, or something which we could imagine was one.

The 6 per cent. Bank Rate and the efforts which the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street has made to attract gold have produced some result, and, if the precious metal is shipped to us in any quantity from New York, we may get through the year without so much of a money squeeze as was anticipated a few days ago. Meanwhile, people with money to invest will be wise if they quietly deposit it with their bankers at fourteen days' notice, or, if they are in a position to do so, take in stock, at the rates now ruling, for a few Accounts, just to see what is really going to happen. Even Consols at a fraction over par do not appear to us very attractive when we remember that the war is going to cost at least eighty millions of money, which will have to be raised by some fresh issue of

stock in by no means minute quantities. It is not likely that the most careful investor will get in at the lowest price; but, in our opinion, the drift of high-class stocks will still be downwards in the near future.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

We live in stirring times. Everybody says so, from the broker whose one rickety client is a bull of Lake Views at 28, to the Christmas-pudding makers in Mabey's. I could write a whole column on that one frayed-out phrase if I liked, applying it to each market in turn. But the festive season draweth nigh, and far be it from my readers' humble slave to spoil even the meanest digestion of them all. Rather let me surrender the idea to some writer in the financial columns of the daily comics, whose paragraphs might play upon the one string as agilely as e'er did Paganini, or his imitator Carrodus.

Consols have stood in the neighbourhood of par, and are "getting warm," as the children say, towards the price at which *The Sketch* has remorselessly placed them month after month during the present year. With the Bank Rate standing at its disgustingly proud elevation, how can Goschens expect to maintain themselves at even 102? The dealers profess to be using every effort to drive the bears from the door, yet in their heart of hearts I believe each man is convinced the Funds are too high, and that a further fall is in store. Trustees can now obtain 3 per cent. on their money from gilt-edged Railway stocks, and in these, as I have pointed out before, there is a big margin for a rise six months hence—that is, unless the war drags on for goodness knows (I am not Goodness) how long and money becomes perennially tight. No one, however, supposes that money will continue "on the loose" for ever.

Talking about Consols leads one naturally into a paragraph about the subject of our cartoon this week. "Uncle," as he is affectionately called, is one of the best-known and most respected members in the whole House, appreciated not only in the Consol Department, but in every market. Stories? Why, he knows more than anyone in the Stock Exchange, and of the past generation of House men he can recall many a yarn of personal reminiscence. He will tell you what the Stock Exchange looked like before New House was built. He laughs about the days when the Home Railway Markets boasted only about a dozen jobbers apiece, of whom he was one; and as for Yankees, the dealers might have truthfully declared that "We are seven." "Uncle" modestly admits that he has been known to play cricket, which is unnecessary, for everyone has heard of his prowess in the field. But he has relinquished cricket for golf, and may frequently be found at St. Andrews and on Ascot's Royal Heath, where he laid the foundation of the present club. "Uncle" has a brother in the House, his junior partner, of whom all the world heard when he "hammered" Kruger on the famous Eleventh of October.

The Yankee Market is in a curiously inconsistent frame of mind. While with its mouth it chants the wonders of traffics and statements of the different lines, with its eyes it watches most narrowly the Money Market, and is almost entirely governed by the vagaries of the latter. Last contango-day most of the bulls had to pay 8, 8 $\frac{1}{4}$, or 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to continue their commitments (I flatter myself that is quite the orthodox journalese). A rate like this falls with considerable severity upon shares open for the rise, and is equivalent this Account to an addition of about $\frac{1}{16}$ to the price of Yankee shares. When brokerage comes to be added, the expense of dabbling in Americans on the bull tack becomes

apparent, and it is not surprising that brokers should get very few orders for this market. The monthly statements now being published are really excellent, and there is no doubt that the upward reaction, when it does come, will be something worth waiting for. And I must say I think Grand Trunks look cheap, particularly the First Preference and the Guaranteed. Neither, however, is likely to improve so long as the Money Markets of the world remain so objectionable. By the way, what are called "money-brokers" in the House are coining cash. Many of the largest firms of brokers and jobbers are furnished with funds by insurance companies, bankers, and other moneyed corporations, for the purpose of employment on the Stock Exchange. The House men take their 1 or 2 per cent. out of the carry-over, and the corporations aforesaid are quite satisfied if they receive $\frac{1}{2}$ or 1 per cent. above the Bank Rate. Besides these, there are plenty of wealthy men in the House who find that taking in stocks or shares pays them a much higher rate than they can obtain from any ordinary investment.

It is heart-rending to walk through the markets and know that all you have to do in order to make money is to either buy or sell something. If only you knew what you ought to do! There are only two ways that any stock *can* go; one leads to fortune, and the other—well, the other leads to the usual thing. The speculator is as bewildered as the boy whose mother made him a pair of breeches with both sides alike. Of course, he could never tell whether he was going to school or coming home. There are dozens of things that I would like to point out as downright cheap investments which I dare not at present, because prices are just as likely as not to go lower; and, on the other hand, there are heaps of things in the Kaffir Market that deserve to fall still further, and will do unless the unexpected boom that always happens should come along and sweep their prices up in its train. For a speculative gamble on the bull tack, commend me to Chartered; and for a solid investment as a bear, go and sell Spanish, if you are not afraid of a balance on the wrong side every now and then.

The indignation of all right-minded House men has blazed up at the wretched manipulation which goes on regularly in Lake Views, Horseshoes, and Associated. The shareholders can go to the wall; can see their own property



"UNCLE."

kicked about by a few selfish-minded gamblers whose sole idea is to pile up their balance, at anyone's expense. So far as I am concerned, I have no interest, and never had, in any of the Westralian groups, but none the less does it behove one to enter the most emphatic protest possible against the scandalous heartlessness of these low-financiers. There is no need to mention names: the cap will fall upon the heads of those who have shaped their crania for it. What are shareholders to believe out of all the tissues of circulars, rumours, tips, investigations, that are being so freely strewn upon the pages of the Press? If a man owned a plot of ground, and his neighbour, by disseminating lying reports, reduced the selling value of the land, the owner could obtain substantial damages; but yet, in the case of a company, the shares are at the mercy of every interested gambler who possesses a fertile imagination and plenty of money, the shareholders being entirely without hope of adequate redress. As for looking to their directors for consistent, solid facts, in order to stem the tide of savage selfishness, one might as well look to Dr. Leyds. It is only necessary to point to the recent Lake View circulars and their effect upon the market to see what influence such statements have. And, as for putting faith in the sensational reports of Dalziel's representative, why, the man does not even know the proper title of the company!—or, if he does, he hid his knowledge under a stupid inaccuracy in his last cablegram. *Pavole d'honneur!* it's enough to make Westralian mines hated for evermore, while Kaffirs absorb the attention of the public, the Stock Exchange, and

THE HOUSE-HAUNTER.

FOREIGN RAILS: ARGENTINES AND MEXICANS.

The Foreign Railway Market of the Stock Exchange, at all times a most sensitive one, has naturally suffered very severely during the last few weeks of anxiety and stress in the Political and Money Markets. Latterly, it has been quite sufficient for a broker to disclose the fact of his being a seller of any Argentine Railway Stock for the dealers to put the price down forthwith, the fall varying in proportion to the amount of stock which the broker has to offer. Of course, in the usual way, brokers don't say what they want to do until the dealer has made them a price, that is, quoted two figures at which he is prepared to do business, either as buyer or seller. But to get a price made in Argentine Railway Stocks is now a matter of considerable difficulty if the amount exceeds one or two thousand pounds, so the broker is forced to "open his book," and negotiations then set in. But, as a matter of fact, very little real stock has been thrown out during the present crisis, and what little selling now goes on is generally on behalf of some stale bull, or a jobber who has grown sick of nursing the stock on his book at a much higher price. Central Argentines, for example, were sold by one dealer to another the other day at 106, practically the lowest price touched, and it is hardly necessary to add that the first jobber was cutting a loss.

Centrals, when matters settle down, should be one of the first in this market to improve. Their prospects are excellent, and the yield at the present price is over 4½ per cent. Not much catch in that certainly, while the Banks are giving 4 per cent. on deposit-money; but cash in the hands of bankers does not possess any power of expansion such as would be the case if it were invested in one of these Argentine Railway stocks. Another good security for locking-up purposes is Buenos Ayres and Rosario, now standing in the neighbourhood of 78. Of the more solid type, Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary is a good specimen, and on this there is the additional attraction of a 4¾ per cent. return.

Mexican Rails are entirely neglected in these days. The First Preference, now at 75, has been up to 97¾ this year, and the lowest point touched was only 73¾. The Seconds, now at 25, have been no lower during 1899, but they went to 41½ a few months ago. Of the two, we would prefer Seconds as a speculation, but it is pretty certain that a purchase of either would turn out very profitably when the world settles down again.

AN INDUSTRIAL TRUST.

That there is plenty of money in the country awaiting investment is proved by the scramble after shares in new companies which have anything to recommend them. A good deal of it, however, is now on deposit with the Banks, who are giving 4 per cent. or a shade over on such accounts, and this to many people is almost satisfactory enough for them to leave their cash alone, particularly if the Bank is one of the strong ones. One great disadvantage of this plan, however, is that the rate of interest is likely to be reduced on any Friday, although, of course, the Bank of England may raise its rate temporarily, if the outflow of gold be not checked by the present minimum. Moreover, there are plenty of Industrial shares now in the market which return 5 per cent. for the time being, but which will quickly improve upon any reduction in the Bank Rate, such as must inevitably occur sooner or later. To give an idea of what we mean, here are five securities which can be bought to yield an average dividend of over 5 per cent., all of them possessing the intrinsic likelihood of advancing as soon as the Money Market eases off, and investors begin to look to the Stock Exchange for better interest than they can obtain from their bankers.

	Cost.	Yield.
200 Bovril Ordinary	£200	£14 0 0
10 Bolckow Vaughan	205	11 0 0
150 English Sewing-Cotton ...	265	13 2 6
10 Bryant and May	165	7 10 0
100 Liptons	225	11 0 0
	£1060	£56 12 6

Bovril shares are a good speculative investment, and the company is likely to make handsome profits out of the war. The Ordinary are entitled to a 7 per cent. Preferred dividend, and can be bought for a trifle less than we have estimated, our idea being to overstate the cost rather than otherwise. Bolckow Vaughans are being bought for Manchester and Bristol, where people know pretty well what the iron, coal, and steel trades are doing. The shares we have indicated are of £20 each, fully paid, but there are others of the same denomination with

only £12 paid up, the yield on which is about ½ per cent. more, owing to the liability. English Sewing-Cottons, now that the market is relieved of fear that it may be swamped by the Coats Company's holding, are likely to improve. Bryant and May shares are at the lowest price they have touched for the past two years, this being due to the dearness of money, a cause which has also contributed to the drop in Liptons. The latter are now at a reasonable level, and, together with the rest of the quintet we have selected, are likely to improve within the next six months.

THE BARROW HEMATITE STEEL COMPANY, LIMITED.

It is to be hoped that the Preference shareholders of this company will exert themselves, and invoke the Courts of Law or Equity to prevent the carrying out of the scandalous reduction scheme which is being forced upon them. The company at one time consisted of all Ordinary shares, but many years ago Preference shares were offered for public subscription. These Preference shares were supposed to carry a perpetual Preferential dividend, but had no priority as to capital, and *no voting power*. Many years ago, a reduction scheme was carried, whereby all the capital was written down by 25 per cent., so that the Preference dividend was reduced by this amount, and as the Ordinary shares take all the surplus profits regardless of the nominal value of the shares, the reduction in their case was merely nominal. In those days, the profits were insufficient to pay the Preference dividend, and there was perhaps some excuse for the injustice; but last year the earnings were sufficient to pay the Preference people all that was due to them twice over, and yet it is now proposed to cut them down from the reduced amount of £7 10s. to £3 15s. per share, so that, instead of the original 6 per cent. which was promised them, the return on every £10 invested will be about £2 5s. per cent., and all surplus profits will go to the Ordinary shareholders by whose votes alone this iniquity is to be carried out.

A meeting has been held, and the Preference shareholders were politely told they might talk as much as they liked, but that they had no votes, and, when the resolutions were put to the meeting, the Ordinary shareholders naturally agreed to the reduction.

As a mere bald tale of wrong, it sounds absolutely impossible; but yet it is true, and the Most Noble the Duke of Devonshire presided as chairman of the meeting, and justified his conduct by saying that he holds as many Preference as Ordinary shares, forgetting that, if he cuts off three per cent. from one class of his holding, he merely adds it to the other, and that there are a large number of people who have subscribed for these Preference shares on the strength of his name and who hold no Ordinary shares to be benefited by the sacrifice.

We are confident that, if Colonel Lascelles and Mr. Charles Godson are properly supported, and resolute opposition is offered to this iniquitous proposal when it comes before one of the Judges of the Chancery Courts for confirmation, as it must do, it will meet with the fate that it deserves, and we sincerely trust the great body of Preference shareholders will be found interested and patriotic enough to fight the matter and expose the spoliation, which, if successful in this case, will be taken as a precedent in many others, and is calculated to permanently destroy in a great measure the value of all Preference shares of industrial undertakings. The whole of the facts have been laid before Mr. C. E. E. Jenkins, Q.C. (the leading counsel in Mr. Justice Stirling's Court), and he has advised that the Preference shareholders' rights would be protected by the Courts, so that there is every inducement for them to fight.

Saturday, Dec. 16, 1899.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 19S, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

STRAND.—(1) We do not think much of the Showman's business. Like everything of its class, it is a gamble, and the rise you talk about depends on the success or failure of the German tour, of which you can judge as well as we can. (2) We rather fancy North Boulder or Lady Loch for a rise, but, if we had to gamble with our own money, we should plunk it down on East Rands after the heavy drop caused by Buller's defeat.

KOOKABURRA.—As a speculation below par, the London and Globe generally bring buyers home. See last answer. The City Editor of this paper is not a member of the Stock Exchange, although several of the contributors to the City pages are members. We have sent you the name of a reliable broker by private letter.

WIFE.—No wonder your husband objects! If you really have money to invest of your own, see this week's "Notes," under the heading of "An Industrial Trust."

NOTE.—In consequence of Christmas, we have to go to press early for our next issue, and correspondents who do not find their letters answered in our paper of the 27th inst. will kindly forgive us and attribute the omission to its true cause.

We are asked to say that letters of allotment in the Electrolytic Alkali Company have been posted.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.